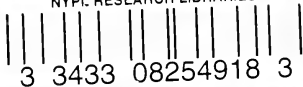
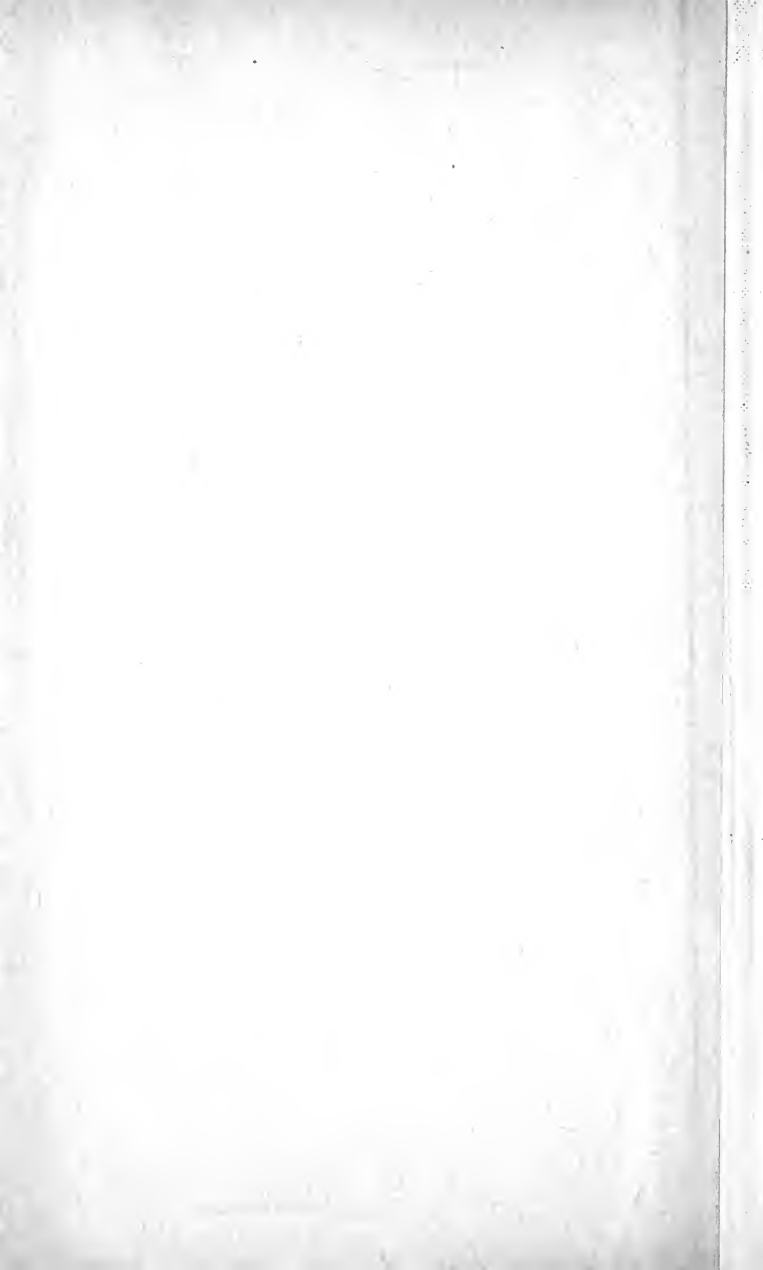


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THE  
LIFE OF  
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A

COMPREHENSIVE AND ACCURATE HISTORY OF THE GREAT DIVINE

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS GRAVE.

INCLUDING

SELECTIONS FROM HIS SERMONS, WRITINGS, SPEECHES AND LETTERS,

ILLUSTRATING THE

MULTIFORM ACTIVITY AND GENIUS OF THIS GREAT AMERICAN

EDITOR, LECTURER, PREACHER, NOVELIST

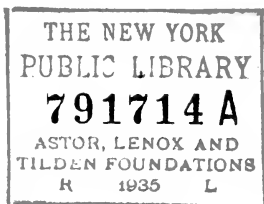
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# THE LIFE

OF

# HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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It may be doubted if there was ever a better illustration of the power of hereditary tendencies than that furnished by Henry Ward Beecher, the son of Lyman and Roxanna Foote Beecher, who was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813. The "eccentricities" of Henry Ward Beecher are well known to this generation, because whatever he did or said in any way out of the usual course of affairs was seized upon by reporters and made known to the world by the ever ready press; but in them he was a feeble reproduction of his venerable father, who for more than half a century kept himself and his denomination in hot water by deeds and utterances that were far more sensational and bewildering than any recorded of his son. The press, too, has embalmed the flowers of rhetoric and pictorial eloquence of the Beecher of yesterday, but scores of living witnesses arise to remind us that the elder Beecher was of all men most fervid in illustration, most fertile in graphic delineation, most effective in utterance.

BY P. L.

Like his father, too, Henry Ward Beecher was a man of marked domestic habit. He was the father of eight children—Henry Barton, Harriet B. Scoville, William Constantine, Herbert, Arthur Howard, Alfred Bowen, Kate and George. His mother gave him his love of flowers, a refinement of thought and a gentleness of bearing, which blended beautifully as it contrasted strongly with the physical strength, animal restlessness and rugged independence he inherited from the old man eloquent.

It was an eventful hour in Beecher's history when he received a letter inviting him to journey from Indianapolis to speak before the House Missionary Society in the New York Tabernacle. He was then but a young man, green in all the ways of metropolitan life and untried in all the work that was soon to be laid before him. He came, was heard and ever since remained at the post then and there prepared for him. In the three elements of his nature—mental, moral, and physical—he was always a law unto himself, utterly unlike the rest of the world; so much so that a witty member of a critical staff once said that the world was divided into three classes—men, women, and the Beechers. In justice to Henry Ward's peculiarities it must be recorded that all the members of his father's family were as queer and Quixotic as those of his immediate family are tame and commonplace. Lyman Beecher was called "the fiddling parson." He was so full of magnetism and became so excited over his own discourses that he could not sleep at night until he had calmed himself down to an ordinary level by scraping the strings of his violin and worked off his surplus enthusiasm by a double shuffle on his kitchen floor. He was a





theological fighter by taste and instinct. His father was a blacksmith, full of sound sense and greatly given to disputation. This habit Lyman Beecher inherited, and early in life he swung the sledgehammer of assault against the vice of intemperance until the country rang with the echo of his blows. To Henry Ward was bequeathed a like tendency, and among his earliest efforts was a series of sermons against the prevalent vices of the people of the city in which he lived that stirred the State of his adoption to its centre, and drew crowds to hear the clergyman who dared to call a spade a spade and speak of a gambler and a drunkard as such in the house of God.

#### HEREDITARY INFLUENCES.

Some idea of the kind of training young Beecher had may be inferred from the fact that his father was an utterly impracticable and erratic person out of the pulpit, and that his mother, who was refined and well balanced, had much of her time occupied in undoing the mischief her husband had done. For instance, Lyman Beecher once bought and sent home a bale of cotton simply because it was cheap, without any idea or plan for its use. His wife, at first discomfited, at once projected the unheard of luxury of a carpet, carded and spun the cotton, hired it woven, cut and sewed it to fit the parlor, stretched and nailed it to the garret floor and brushed it over with thin paste. Then she sent to her New York brother for oil paints, learned from an encyclopædia how to prepare them, and then adorned the carpet with groups of flowers, imitating those in her small yard and garden. This illustrates at once the improvidence of the father, and the useful and æsthetic

turn of the mind of the mother, who seems to have had high ideals and great perseverance in attaining excellence under most unfavorable circumstances. Lyman Beecher was passionately fond of children; his wife was not. They had thirteen, and the father, who married three times, chose his last wife after he was sixty years of age. Lyman Beecher was imaginative, impulsive, and averse to hard study. His wife was calm and self-possessed and solved the mathematical problems not only for practical purposes, but because she enjoyed that kind of mental effort. Lyman Beecher was trained as a dialectician, and felt that he excelled in argumentation, and yet his wife, without any such training, he remarked, was the only person he had met that he felt was fully his equal in an argument. He had that kind of love for his children that moved him to caress and fondle them; she, on the contrary, did not care to nurse or tend them, although she was eminently benevolent and very tender and sympathetic. In other words, as the late Catharine Beecher once wrote, "My father seemed by natural organization to have what one usually deemed the natural traits of woman, while my mother had some of those which often are claimed to be the distinctive attributes of man."

#### BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Henry Ward's earliest years were impressed by the loving carelessness of his eccentric father and the simple devotion of his accomplished mother. He was as shy as a wild rabbit. When his mother died, he being but three years old, he wanted "to dig down and get to Heaven where" his "mamma" was. He responded to the caresses of his father and could not understand the moody abstraction which

claimed the preoccupied mind when next he ran to repeat the embrace. A second mother was equally admirable as a woman, but cast iron in her methodical mode of life. He was greatly influenced by her, although she was never able to impart any of her orderliness and primness to either him or his brothers and sisters. That a great natured boy with such parentage should develop queerly is not to be wondered at. Added to this was the influence of his brothers and sisters—Catherine, a hard headed, active bustling woman of marked character and determined convictions; Edward, an introspective dweller, a muser on the conflict of ages, odd in his person as Catherine herself, and absent minded all the time; Harriet, later the wife of Professor Stowe, full of genius and blossoming with its eccentric ways; Charles, full of fun, a perfect bombshell of youthful indiscretion, and several others, all queer. With this start in life Henry Ward accredited his father with his keen sense of humor, his intellectual power, his robust body and his intense physical emotionalism.

#### SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Aside from the rude teaching of a country school, Henry learned all he knew until he entered Amherst College in 1830, when he was seventeen years old, at home. His father's house was the headquarters of theological disputation, and many a battle was waged across the hospitable board, while the big eyed children listened to that which no one could explain. Modest and retiring in his manner, Henry listened attentively to the teachings of his step-mother, but the one result in those days was to plant the seed of wonder and inquisitiveness, which grew

up and bore marvellous fruit in later days. A brief period in the Boston Latin School prepared Henry Ward for college, and he entered without trouble. The obtainable record of his experience there does not show brilliantly, nor compare favorably with that of scores of men who have lived unnoticed and died unsung. In mathematics alone he was proficient, a fact which stands out clearly and strangely when it is remembered that in later life he was a perfect child in figures, and could never keep the simplest account with any degree of accuracy. In public references to these days of education, Mr. Beecher often said that he owed his inspiration for manly living to three persons—his dead mother, whose spirit seemed ever near him as a guardian angel; a negro servant who chopped wood and sung hymns in his father's shed and the professor of mathematics in Amherst College. He did not study hard in college. He much preferred the excitement of debates, the cheer of the river through the meadows, the singing of birds and the outdoor sports in which he was an adept. That he was a natural born orator is unquestioned, but his shyness so thoroughly controlled him that when a student for a brief time in Mount Pleasant, just before he entered college, his teacher was compelled to reason, plead and almost use force with him to induce him to "speak a piece" in the presence of his fellows. Gradually that bashfulness wore away, and when he entered college he brought the reputation of a ready and graceful speaker. At that early age he had acquired a taste for physical and physiological science. He was fond of reading in a desultory way, and although his habits were not formed and his tastes were crude he made the acquaintance

of classic writers whose sturdy and vigorous English was to him at once an object of admiration and a lesson. His classmates recall his mastery in debate and say that he had a power of ridicule and a badinage that made him always a powerful advocate and a formidable antagonist. Although in maturer life he avoided controversies and taught the largest liberty in thought and action, while pursuing his studies both in college and seminary he was quick to accept the gauntlet of discussion and prone to start a train of thought that was certain to provoke a challenge. Referring to the facility with which illustrations fell from his lips. Mr. Beecher once said, "I have always thought in figures of speech." On one occasion he spoke of Peace with a "diamond sceptre" in her hand. A reporter asked if that was what he meant, as, of course, there was "no such thing as a diamond sceptre." "I don't care," replied Mr. Beecher, "I guess I know what I saw." In other words, the pictures he so glowingly described were for the moment realities to him. It was so with him at an early period of his life, and the visions that frightened him in his boyish dreams became most potent weapons in his hands in later years.

#### STUDYING FOR THE MINISTRY.

After leaving Amherst College, which he did without any marked honors or reputation—save that of a jolly good fellow, a choice companion and the chief in the debating societies—Beecher entered Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, Ohio, where his venerated father was president—then the battlefield whereon the Presbyterians of the old and new schools were fighting fiercely. Dr. Lyman Beecher's heart was in

the war, and he waged it incessantly and with characteristic vigor. That any son of his should be anything but a minister never entered the old gentleman's mind. All his sons were brought up with the knowledge that they were foreordained to be clergymen, and although two of them, Henry and James, had for a time other views of life, they eventually joined hands with the rest. Henry at one time had a taste for the sea, born of his habit of wandering along the wharves of Boston and talking with the sailors on the ships. His father, strangely enough, yielded temporarily on what he considered a mental aberration, and desired the principal of the Mount Pleasant School to perfect Henry in mathematics and other studies that would be of service to him in the navy. Henry's "conversion" followed hard on his entry to Amherst, and he yielded at once to his father's desire that he should study for the ministry. In the seminary Henry made a deep impression on the faculty and his fellow students by his oratorical excellence. His father was surprised that he took so little interest in the battle of the Presbyterians, and looked with some doubt on the the future usefulness of his son. Nevertheless he was proud of his abilities, and did all he could to ground him in the faith of his fathers. This was a difficult task, and caused the old gentleman many an anxious night, for to him the doctrines were firm and steadfast, and any questioning that tended to unsettle them, or any one of them, was heresy a little less than blasphemy.

#### FIRST PASTORATE.

In 1837, when he was twenty-four years of age, Henry Ward Beecher became the pastor of an inde-

pendent Presbyterian Church in Lawrenceburg, Ind. He had previously met, wooed, won and married Miss Eunice Bullard, a daughter of Rev. Dr. Bullard, a lady slightly older than himself. Miss Bullard was well born and bred, as the children of Presbyterian clergymen generally are. To an unusually acute wit she united physical and emotional power of rare development. Her energetic nature was a needed complement to the careless dreaminess of the young preacher, and in all his early life she was the spur and director of all his affairs. Children followed in quick succession, as they did in the family of Dr. Lyman Beecher ; poor pay, hard work, cheap living, constant drudgery did their duty, and before middle age was reached the wife was worn out and became a nervous, fitful, irritable woman. In the two years of his Lawrenceburg pastorate Mr. Beecher made his mark. As a preacher he was eloquent ; as an orthodox teacher he was not over zealous ; as a sympathizing pastor he was of average merit only. His meetings were well attended and he made himself felt. His personal magnetism was great, the flush of vigorous health was in his veins, and he stirred up the dry bones of his neighborhood to such a degree that the attention of a wider circle was attracted, and he was called to take charge of a similar church in Indianapolis, the capital of the State. Here he narrowly escaped being switched off on another and very different track. A new railroad was projected and a superintendent was to be chosen. A bank president who was one of the chief directors had been greatly affected by the go-ahead manner and zeal of the young parson, and, concluding that he was possessed of the qualities that would make

him a first rate railroad official, proposed his name. The contest was close ; Beecher lost by one vote, and thus the railroad interest of the West was spared the disgrace of pulling from the American platform the man who had done the most to make the platform famous.

#### THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

In Indianapolis young Beecher made friends in several new circles. His church was small and his ministrations at first were held in a room in the second story of the Town Academy. As the son of Lyman Beecher he was accorded a courteous welcome, but it was not long ere he was esteemed and followed for his individual merit. Here, too, in a sense, he began to live. Hitherto he had been little better than a home missionary, and indeed he was for some time a beneficiary on the books of the Home Missionary Society. His entire income was less than \$300 nominally, and part of that was paid in corn, potatoes, and other products of the soil. When he needed a house to live in he hauled the logs himself. His neighbors aided him to put it up. The whitewash and paint he attended to himself. The rapidity with which his children followed each other and the malarial condition of the section in which he lived broke down the strong constitution of his faithful wife, and as they were unable to pay a servant threw on him the domestic drudgery. He chopped the wood, drew the water, peeled the potatoes, cooked the food, served it, washed the dishes and cleaned up the house. When sickness necessitated frequent washings of soiled clothes it was he who did the work. Part of the time he did double duty and rode twenty miles through the woods and



across the prairies to the log schoolhouse in which service was held, preached, rode back again, cooked the dinner, preached in his own church, returned to nurse his sick wife and attend to the children, got the supper and spent the evening in the prayer meeting. At times he was so poor that an unpaid letter, on which eighteen or twenty cents were due, remained in the post office, with news from the East, uncalled for because he did not have the money with which to pay the postage.

#### POVERTY AND SYMPATHY.

Added to the poverty of his pocket, the incessant drain of his sympathy at home, the continuous necessity of physical toil in the house, the garden and the woodshed, and the preparation of his sermons, was a doubt, an uncertainty in his beliefs. The little cloud, small as a man's hand, that frightened him when a boy, made him gloomy when in college and shadowed him in his first charge, now assumed vast proportions. He was all afloat. All that kept him from sinking—humanly speaking—was his own honest expression of doubt. Had he kept it to himself and brooded over it in secret he might have been carried over the falls of infidelity or gone to the fool's refuge—suicide. But Beecher was then, as always, open mouthed. What he felt, thought, or knew he told. Secretiveness was never fairly developed in his nature. He never could keep a secret. He made friends easily, and the last person with him invariably knew his mind. He was easily deceived, for, although he had constant experience in human strengths and human weaknesses, he was by nature confiding and trustful. Truthful himself, it was next

to impossible to persuade him that any one would be false in speech or inference to him. He knew all about wickedness in general, but special cases bothered him. When doubts assailed him instead of taking them to his study he used them as illustrations in the pulpit. If he questioned the possibility of forgiveness of sin he became the example. It was his breast that he beat, his doubt he asserted, his fears he expressed. In picturing the estate of a lost soul the imagery lost nothing of its power by a personal application. Enthusiastic in everything from the culture of a flower to the worship of his Saviour, Mr. Beecher carried his zealous search for remedies in this state of doubt to the extremity of his passionate nature. Crowds attended his preaching. Waves of religious feeling carried all classes of people before them. The State of Indiana was in an uproar. The Presbyterian churches looked on amazed. Dr. Lyman Beecher thanked God that he had given him such a son, and in the same breath beseeched Him to guide him lest he should fall. The legislature sat in Indianapolis, and in its train followed the evils that generally accompany the camp followers. Intemperance, gambling and kindred vices were rampant in the place. Everybody knew it. The sores affected the entire body politic. The members of the Legislature knew it as well as the rest, and winked at it like the rest. This seemed to Beecher a fair target. He announced a series of lectures to young men and delivered them in his church. The feeling engendered by them was intense. Those who were hit were indignant. All classes went to hear them, and before they were concluded a revival arose that swept the city.

## WORKING OUT TO LIGHT.

Meantime the uncertainty of young Beecher increased, and with it grew his power. He was maturing mentally and physically. His head expanded as he read the book of nature and of humanity all about him. He felt the necessity of supplementing his sparse education by such means as were at his disposal. Books were rare and costly. Newspapers were in their infancy. He read all that he could borrow or obtain from the public libraries, and felt inexpressible gratitude when the choice volumes of a wealthy friend were placed at his service. The West, and especially that section of it, was full of quick witted men and growing women. Both sought comfort in the preaching of this man of the people. Instead of scoffing at their doubts he boldly proclaimed his own. This made him the friend and spokesman of the wavering. He pictured in vivid colors the unhappiness of his thoughts, the terror of his fear, and produced in their minds that Beecher and they were one and the same. When he found relief they participated in his joy. When he sang the song of salvation they joined in the chorus. He became immensely popular in his parish and in the State. He was not the ideal parson. He wore no distinctive garb. His face was round and jolly. His eye was full of laughter. His manner was hearty and his interest sincere. It was often said that Beecher could have attained any desired distinction at the bar or in politics. He was importuned to stand as candidate for legislative honors, but invariably refused even to think of it. At this time, when he regarded himself spiritually weak, he was eloquently strong. He preached without notes and talked as if

inspired. His prayers were poems. His illustrations were constant and always changing. He kept his people wide awake and made them feel his earnestness. His acting power was marvellous. Those who knew him well will remember that when talking he could with difficulty sit still. He almost invariably rose, and in the excitement of description or argument acted the entire subject as it struck him. Oftentimes in his most solemn moments an illustration or an odd expression would escape him that sent a laugh from pew to pew. Waking suddenly to the incongruity of the scene and the subject, it almost seemed as if the rebuking spirit of his dead mother stood before him, for with a manner that carried the sympathy of the audience he would drift into a channel tender and deep and full of tears, along which the feelings of his people were irresistibly borne. There as here the chief topics of his repertory were the love of God and the dignity of man. He rarely preached from the Old Testament. The thunders of Sinai and the flames of Hell had no power over him. It would puzzle an expert to find in all his published sermons—and for more than a generation every word he spoke was reported as he spoke it—a sentence of which threats or tears were the dominant spirit. He preached the love of God and the sympathy of Christ first, last and all the time. He knew the politicians of the West thoroughly, and the gamblers who were a powerful fraternity, made up their minds that it was folly to interfere with the robust preacher, who was not afraid to push their bully aside when he stood in front of the ballot box, and who met them eye to eye on the street as well as in the pulpit.

## SUFFERING AN EFFORT.

While in the height of his popularity in the West he was hampered as few men would care to be. He was hungry for books and papers, but could not afford them. He had a royal physique and every vein throbbed with superabundant health, but his home was a hospital. His ambition was great, but he was tied to a stake in a contracted field. He strove to live outside of himself, made many pastoral calls, talked with men about their business trials and sympathized with women in their domestic woes. At his own home his hands were full. His wife was broken in health and discomfited in spirit. She did not like the West and the West was unkind to her constitution. It was a serious question whether she could much longer endure the strain on her physique, and this wore on the sympathetic nature of her husband. He was entirely unselfish, but the attrition of years of complaint worried him. He did the best, all in fact he could, but to no use. Finding himself depressed, Mr. Beecher reluctantly set to work to drive his fits of despondency away. He became interested in trees and flowers. Aided by friends he started an agricultural paper and posted himself from books on floriculture and read the fat and prosy volumes of London. His fresh and novel mode of treating these subjects won him fame, but not fortune. His own garden gave evidence of his skill, and the fairs were not niggardly in premiums to the amateur gardener. Eight years swiftly wore away, and in the often recurring excitements of revivals, public meetings, home trials and personal bewilderments, the young man passed from the first period of his career to the second.

## BROOKLYN AND VICTORY.

In 1847 Henry Ward Beecher was thirty-four years old. Mentally he had become broader and looked over wider fields than when he began to labor. Morally he was as sincere, as truthful, and as ingenuous as when he opened his big blue eyes with astonishment at the Bible stories he heard at "Aunt Esther's" knee. Physically he was a picture of vigorous health. He stood about five feet eight inches high. His large, well formed, well developed head sat defiantly on a short, red neck, that grew from a sturdy frame, rampant and lusty in nerve and fibre and blood and muscle. He had no money, owned no real estate. His capital was in his brains, and they needed the culture procurable in the metropolis alone, where libraries and book stores, art galleries and men of thought were to be met at every turn. A career in the East was far from Beecher's thoughts, and yet his sick wife seemed to need a medicament not to be found in the West. Among the many merchants who from time to time returned to their New York homes to report the singular sayings and Pauline preachings of the Western orator was one who lived in Brooklyn and had incidentally learned that two or three members of the Pilgrim Church were contemplating a second Congregational Church in that city. To them he communicated his impressions of the man he had heard in Indianapolis, and advised them to send for him. The step seemed risky, for even then Brooklyn was known as the City of Churches, and men of mark in divers denominations were drawing audiences to their feet. Among others at that time were Dr. Bethune, of the Dutch Reformed Church; Dr. Con-

stantine Pise, of the Roman Catholic Church ; Dr. R. S. Storrs, Jr., of the Congregational Church ; Dr. T. L. Cuyler, of the Presbyterian Church, and *facile princeps* Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, of the First Presbyterian Church, one of the oldest organizations in the country. Obviously to bring an untried man to a place like Brooklyn was venturesome, to say the least. So it was arranged that Mr. Beecher should be invited to come East for the purpose of addressing the Home Missionary Society, which was shortly to celebrate an anniversary, and that then the Brooklyn Church should ask him over to fill its pulpit one or more Sundays. The plan worked like a charm. Mrs. Beecher was overjoyed at the prospect of a trip that might benefit her health and enable her to see her Eastern relatives and friends, and Mr. Beecher was more than glad of anything that would relieve the monotony of a sick room and bring him in contact with a side of the world that was as truly Greek to him as—well, as Greek itself. With scanty wardrobe, old fashioned and rusty at that, the couple started Eastward. The difference in their appearance may be inferred from a remark made by an old lady on the cars. Mr. Beecher had jumped from the train to the platform at one of the stations to get “Ma,” as he always called his wife, a sandwich. “Ma” sat gloomy and sad faced, and attracted the attention of the old lady, who approached her and said sympathizingly, “Cheer up, my dear madam, cheer up. Surely, whatever may be your trial, you have cause for great thankfulness to God, who has given you such a kind and attentive son.” That settled Mrs. Beecher for the remainder of the journey, and made her cup of misery

more than full. However, though the lady knew it not, she was rapidly nearing the haven in which she was to find a glowing welcome, reinvigoration of mind and body and an anchorage of safety for life. Mr. Beecher was a success from the moment he opened his lips in the Broadway Tabernacle. In those day "Anniversary Week" was an institution. The great men of the nation spoke from their platforms. The evangelical expeditions against the heathen, intemperance and slavery were organized, equipped and started then and there. Each year the respected advocates returned with their reports. The Tabernacle was always crowded, and some of the best thoughts of the churches' best men were uttered in speeches from that pulpit. Henry Ward Beecher, *per se*, was unknown; but his father and his elder brother and sister were known to every one at all familiar affairs. Consequently, when the sturdy son of Lyman Beecher rose to speak, he was greeted by a friendly audience, and soon found himself at home, although his garb was not in accordance with the fashionable cut of his hearers.

#### PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

He attended the dedication of Plymouth Church, but he was as innocent as a lamb of any knowledge that he was ever to become part and parcel of it. He felt hampered here. His heart was in the West, and he longed to be home again. He was invited to remain and preach a few Sundays. That meant \$25 and a welcome each week in the house of one of the churchmen. The health of Mrs. Beecher seemed to improve, and her husband reluctantly consented to continue awhile. Although a sketch of Mr. Beecher's



life from that period to the present time must necessarily include a history of Plymouth Church, of which he was not only the head and front, but the animating spirit, brief reference to it is all that the present *resume* demands.

David Hale, John T. Howard and Henry C. Bowen were the originators of the Plymouth Church movement. Mr. Hale died shortly after. Mr. Bowen was excommunicated in 1876 for "slandering the pastor," and Mr. Howard alone remained the firm friend and intimate companion of Mr. Beecher until the hour of his death. The congregation of the first Presbyterian Church, then worshipping in a brick edifice fronting on Cranberry street and running through to Orange street, was about removing to a new building on Henry street. The old church which stood on "revival ground," was for sale, and Mr. Howard made an offer for it. As Mr. Howard had a brother and three brothers-in-law in the ministry, it was inferred that he wished the church for one of them, and it was sold at a bargain. Plymouth Church was then organized. After a few Sunday's Mr. Beecher was invited to preach, and subsequently became its pastor. The council that assembled to examine the young candidate soon found that their task was no ordinary one. They asked the set and formulated questions, but received very strange and unexpected answers. On the broad ground of God's supremacy and man's responsibility they found him sound, but he seemed to put more faith in the love of Christ, in the doctrine of charity and in the oneness of the Father and His children than in the time honored dogmas and doctrines of the churches. The wise heads doubted, and for a while it was by no

means certain that they would take the responsibility of seating him in the pulpit. They might have saved themselves their trouble. If every man of them had voted "no" it would have made no difference. Then as now, then as through the dark days of outspoken abolitionism, then as in the perilous period of the war for the Union, then as in the sickening scandal, Plymouth Church believed in Henry Ward Beecher first, last and all the time. He was adopted and settled in spite of the protest of his venerable father. "Don't, I beseech of you," he wrote to Mr. Howard, "don't induce Henry to leave the West. He has a great field here, and is brought in contact with men of influence and all the members of the Legislature. He will be buried in the East." There is no doubt that the son shared the father's apprehension. "I came East," he said, "with a silken noose about my neck and did not know it."

That the benefit his wife would derive from a residence here was a great point with Mr. Beecher is well known to his friends. He felt that she had been overtasked in all her early married life, and desired that she should now begin to enjoy the advantages of civilization. At all events, he sold out his few effects and came to Brooklyn. His wardrobe was in a sad condition and that of his wife was worse. One of the first things done by their friends was to replenish their stock of clothing and make them presentable. Although the new pastor was thirty-four years of age he appeared about twenty-five. He wore his hair long, no beard was permitted to grow, a wide Byron collar was turned over a black silk stock and his clothes were of conventional cut. His hair was thick and heavy. His eyes were large

and very blue. His nose was straight, full and prominent. His mouth formed a perfect bow, and when the well developed lips parted they disclosed regular, well set teeth. There was nothing clerical in his face, figure, dress or bearing. He was more like a street evangel—a man talking to men and standing on a common level. The first thing he insisted on was congregational singing. The organ was not a very fine instrument, but it did its duty, and a large volunteer choir led the singing—at first, but after awhile the congregation was the choir and the organ the leader. Mr. Beecher had the pulpit cut away and on the platform placed a reading desk. In this way he was plainly visible from crown to toe, and whether preaching or sitting every motion was in full view of the crowded assemblage. Instead of resting a pale forehead on a pallid hand and closing his eyes as if in silent prayer while his people sang, Mr. Beecher held his book in his red fist and sang with all his might. Although not a finished singer, he had a melodious bass voice, and he sang with understanding. As he did so his eyes would take in the scene before him, and it needed no wizard's skill to detect its power over him. Ever impressible and as full of intuition as a woman, he felt the presence of men and women. Time and again the tenor of his discourse was altered at the sight of a face. Incidents of the moment often shaped the discourse of the hour. He laid great stress on the influence of congregational singing. It brought the audience to a common feeling. It made them appreciate that they were not only in the house of worship, but that they were there as worshippers, part of their duty being to sing praises to the Most High.

## CROWDS FLOCK TO HEAR HIM.

His prayers, too, attracted great attention. The keenest eye, the most sensitive ear never detected an approach to irreverence in Mr. Beecher's manner in prayer. He prayed, it is true, as a respectful son would petition a loving and indulgent father. It was noticed that he addressed his prayers very largely to the Saviour. In his sermons it was the love of Christ on which he dwelt. It seemed as if he delighted to put away all thought of the Judge, and to keep always present the tenderness of the Father and the affection of the Elder Brother. The little church was always overcrowded. Hundreds applied in vain for seats. It became the fashion to "go to hear Beecher." Thousands went to criticise and ridicule. Thousands went in simple curiosity. It was soon the affectation to look down upon him. He was called boorish, illiterate, ungrammatical, uncultivated, fit for the common people only, and a temporary rushlight. Dr. Cox, an old friend of Lyman Beecher, to whom the new comer expected to turn for advice as to a father, said, "I will give that young man six months in which to run out." After a few months the church took fire from a defective flue, and although not entirely destroyed was badly damaged, and the trustees concluded to pull it down and build anew. Meantime they put up an immense temporary structure on Pierrepont street, near Fulton, which they called the Tabernacle. There every Sunday immense crowds of strangers and visitors from other parishes assembled to listen to Mr. Beecher. His utterances were never commonplace, his manner was always fresh, his illustrations

ever new. He never avoided issues. Indeed, it was charged that he was sensational because he talked and taught about the topic of the hour. He rarely preached a doctrinal sermon, and when he did there was a kind of explanatory protest with it as much as to say, "I don't really believe I know anything about this, but it can't do any harm." At first he dealt largely in practical lessons to the young men who formed a large part of his congregations. It was often remarked that while the proportion in other churches were five women to one man, in the Tabernacle, and later in Plymouth Church, the proportion was reversed. This is accounted for by two facts—young men, clerks, students and those who lived in boarding houses felt at home in that church, and the hotels of New York sent over hundreds every Sunday, who considered hearing "Beecher preach" one of the essentials of their business in New York. At all events there they were, and Mr. Beecher made it a rule of his lifework to address himself to them. He never bombarded the Jews, he left the heathen to their normal guardians, he avoided a decision of questions raised in the Garden of Eden, and left the sheep and the goats of ancient history to follow the call of their shepherd. His flock was before him. His duty was to care for the men and women who sat in the pews of his church and thronged its aisles and packed its galleries. He was human and avowed his love for man. Their weaknesses were his, and he called on them to seek a common physician.

#### CLERGYMEN OF THE PEOPLE.

The clergyman of fashion was pale and fragile ; he of the people was florid and muscular. He had no attendant to remove his hat and cloak. He had no

comfortable study in the church building where he smoothed his hair and arranged his cuffs. He declaimed before no full length mirror, and never wore a pair of patent leathers in his life. When he ascended the platform threading his way through the men and women on its steps, and patting the curly hair of boys perched on the ledge he slung his soft felt hat under a little table, put one leg over the other while he removed his rubber, threw back his cloak, settled himself in his chair and gave a sigh of relief as he drew a restful breath after his quick walk from home. In other words, he was a man bent on man's duty. If the air seemed close he said so, called an usher and had the windows lowered. If he desired a special tune sung to the hymn he gave out, he turned to the director and told him so. If he forgot a date or a name, he asked one of the people near him what it was. If strangers sitting close to the platform were unprovided with hymn books, he leaned forward and handed them several from his desk. As he said, "I am at home; they are our guests. What is proper in my house is eminently proper in the house of the Lord."

It has been said that Mr. Beecher was coarse and vulgar, and that he had no appreciation of the delicacies of life or the proprieties of place. It would be a waste of time to multiply instances of proof to the contrary. He was cheerful and robust, and in some sense awkward, but he was innately gentle and sensitive to a degree. A remark may illustrate the feeling he had about the conduct of service. In 1878 a friend was narrating an awkward mishap that attended a baptism, and Mr. Beecher said, "Well, in all my ministry, I have never had the slightest accident

of that kind. I have never spilled a drop of wine nor dropped a piece of bread. The only approach to a *contretemps* that I recall was when I miscalculated the distance in sitting down on a newly upholstered chair. I expected to go down several inches further than I did, and the sudden bump I received startled me and sent the blood in torrents to my cheeks. It was with the greatest difficulty that I refrained from laughing outright. If I had caught a contagious eye anywhere I certainly should have roared."

A MAN OF MANY POWERS.

That he was a great mimic and a natural pantomimist is well known. When he described a long faced hypocrite he saw him and unconsciously pictured him. If he pictured the love of Christ and His tenderness to the broken ones of life, he felt the love and tenderness, and unconsciously portrayed them in manner and gesture. Satire and ridicule were weapons always ready to his hand. In those days people hidebound in prejudice could not understand that a preacher was right in using all his powers in the service of his Master, so they inveighed against Beecher, pronounced him a mountebank and left him to die an easy death.

He continued, however, and a great revival occurred. It grieved Mr. Beecher greatly that some of the clergy of Brooklyn allowed their prejudice to outweigh their love for their fellows; but accepting the bitter with the sweet, he kept on. His Tabernacle was too small for the crowds. His congregation included families that stood high in social circles, merchants of the first repute, judges and literary men of renown, but, chief of all, an army of young men, who, like himself, were bearing the bur-

den and the heat of the day. Professor Phinney took him by the hand and worked with him for weeks. Morning meetings were held, and the entire city was filled with a religious enthusiasm. Gradually the personal habits of Mr. Beecher changed. He was always a great walker. He wandered along the river front. He visited studios and read about painters and their art. He was proficient in pottery and knew the varieties, and where and how they were made. Arboriculture and horticulture and agriculture were specialties with him. He was known in the great foundries of this city as a searcher into affairs. He visited shipyards, and with one of his dearest friends, who was building steamers for several years, he studied the art of shipbuilding. He was versed in the lore of the pole and line. He had rare fowling pieces and the most fanciful facilities for field and river sports. That his people benefited by this habit let his illustrations attest. From birds and flowers and all manner of mechanics, from industries of every name and nature, he drew pictures, arguments and convincing assertions in analogy that clinched the nail of his discourse already driven home by the power of his eloquence.

#### A SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

When the new church was built it faced on Orange street, where the old lecture room stood. On Cranberry street a supplemental building was erected; on its ground floor the lecture room, on the next the Sunday school rooms, and what one then called the Social Circle parlors. Forgetting that Brooklyn was not exactly a rural township Mr. Beecher was pained to observe that while Mr. A knew Mr. B, Mrs. A had not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. B, and



that while in the church every one was a "dear brother or sister," out of the church such social distinctions existed as utterly precluded any real Christian feeling. This he thought was all wrong and subversive of genuine brotherly love. So he resolved to change it.

Without much consultation he announced on Sunday that on a specified evening the parlors would be thrown open, and all the people were invited to appear and make each other's acquaintance. He said he and his family would be there, and he thought it high time that the brethren and sisters of his church knew a little something of each other.

The Social Circle assembled. A few of the old families of Brooklyn responded because they wished to please their pastor, but the attendance was mainly such persons as had everything to gain and nothing to give in return. Young men and young women went for fun and had it, but the attempt was Quixotic and the scheme impracticable. Oil and water in a tumbler would mix sooner than social elements in a metropolitan city. It was entirely proper in theory, but it didn't work in practice, and Mr. Beecher was compelled to abandon the idea.

Success, however, attended him on every other line. His pews were rented at high rates, his regular congregation was large and respectable, his church membership grew rapidly and the influx of strangers was so great and so constantly increasing that their accommodation was an utter impossibility. The liberality of the Plymouth pastor was a sore point with his critics. He always contended for his right to beliefs of his own, and as vigorously defended the right of others to beliefs of their own. His

church membership soon became eclectic. Presbyterians and Congregationalists were not so far apart that their union caused remark, but presently a few Baptists joined the church. Mr. Beecher said, "You must believe and be baptized, and it is for you to determine how you will be baptized. I am content with any symbol, however slight, but if you prefer to be immersed and we have the conveniences for it, it's your faith, not mine." In other words, the fact was essential in his mind; the form was of no consequence. A baptistry was built beneath the pulpit platform, and he often immersed those who desired to be baptized that way. Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, and even Quakers and Episcopalians joined the communion of Plymouth Church. Indeed, one of the pleasantest features in Mr. Beecher's experience was the favor he found with clergymen of other denominations. Father Pise, the learned and devout Constantine Pise, for many years the loved and honored pastor of the Catholic Church, of St. Charles Borromeo, in Sydney place, Brooklyn, was a warm friend and admirer of Mr. Beecher, and many of the Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist clergy were bound to his heart with ties of love and tender sympathy.

#### ANTI-SLAVERY CRUSADING.

But wide as was the platform of Plymouth Church a wider plane was now preparing for Mr. Beecher. In the early days of anti-slavery agitation he sounded the bugle call of danger to the Union in the West. When he came East and began to teach man how to live, rather than how to die, he stirred up several hornet's nests. He enraged the dead and alive clergy



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because his methods were a virtual rebuke of their laziness, and he angered the mercantile community because he hurt their trade, while the politicians, who had for years endeavored to smother the sin of the century, were maddened at the idea of a mere minister's daring to arouse the nation from a stupor and indifference. As he went on the agitation increased. His inflammatory sermons were printed in the daily journals, and he himself wrote articles in the *Independent* that made the country ring again. Garrison and Phillips and Wade, welcomed this zealous champion to their ranks, and he assumed the lead—where McGregor sat was the head of the table.

At the anniversaries Beecher was the popular speaker. In his own church he never allowed the fire of hostility to die out. The dignity of man was his constant topic. Man, as made in the image of his Maker, was sold as a chattel—that was his never dying grievance, day in and day out; year after year he rang the changes on the glory of manhood and the degradation of slavery until the abolitionists became a party to be feared and dreaded. When the mob said that Wendell Phillips should not speak in Brooklyn Mr. Beecher said:—"He shall, and Plymouth Church is open to him." In the midst of his usefulness he fell ill and for weeks hovered between life and death. His strong constitution pulled him through, and his people breathed again. He resumed his teaching, and *Harper's Weekly*, then a strong pro-slavery journal, published a page illustration of Beecher refusing the communion wine to Washington because he was a slaveholder. He was denounced, lampooned and vilified. His doorsteps

were smeared with tar and filth, and scurrilous communications came daily by mail.

For all this he cared nothing. His heart was in the fight, and believing he was right he was bound to win or die. It was about the time Mr. Beecher first began to deliver set lectures out of town for \$50 and his expenses that Charles Sumner was knocked in the head in the Senate Chamber by Brooks of South Carolina. The entire North was fired with indignation, and the solid merchants of New York thought that was going too far. A mass meeting of protest was called in the Tabernacle, and in order to make it significant no one was invited to speak who had ever countenanced the anti-slavery movement. It was entirely in the hands of conservatives. The chief speakers, resolution readers and fuglemen were Daniel D. Lord, John Van Buren and William M. Evarts. The Tabernacle was packed with an earnest, enthusiastic audience, which in point of numbers and respectability, culture and influence, has rarely been surpassed. For some reason Mr. Beecher, who had been advertised to lecture in Philadelphia that evening was in the city. He had dined with his friend Mr. Howard, and together they went to the Tabernacle to hear the speaking. As the meeting was about to be closed some one in the audience called out "Beecher." The people took up the cry, and "Beecher, Beecher," resounded through the church. Mr. Evarts, evidently annoyed, advanced to the front of the platform and said:—"The programme of the evening is concluded and the meeting will adjourn. (A voice—"Beecher!") Mr. Beecher, I am told, is lecturing in Philadelphia this evening." "No he isn't," called out one of the re-

porters; "there he is behind the pillar." The greater part of the audience had risen and prepared to leave. Beecher was recognized and half led, half forced to the platform from which Mr. Evarts and his friends precipitately retired. John Van Buren with the instinct of a gentleman, advanced, took Mr. Beecher by the hand and led him to the speaker's place. The audience reseated themselves, but for fully five minutes the house was in an uproar of enthusiastic greeting. With a wave of his hand Mr. Beecher secured silence and attention. For an hour he delivered the speech of his life. Every eye glistened. Such applause was never given before. The occasion was an inspiration. The opportunity was one he had never had before. But it is doubtful that he thought of either one or the other. He had the scene in the Senate Chamber in his eye. It was the culminating outrage in a series of horrors. He felt it. He foresaw its end. He made that audience feel what he felt, and see what he saw, and when he closed he glowed like a furnace while the people cheered with their throats full of tears. Such scenes occur once in a lifetime. The next day's papers reported Beecher verbatim and gave the others what they could find space for.

#### THE KEYNOTE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

From that time on the printed and spoken utterances of Henry Ward Beecher were taken as the keynote of the great campaign against slavery and its extension into the free Territories of the Northwest. Some of his people objected strenuously to their pastor's course. They thought it lowered the pulpit and brought religion and politics to a common level. Mr. Beecher met their objections good-humoredly

but seriously. That any man worthy the name could contemplate the slavery of his fellow and seriously defend an institution whose corner stone was the defilement of the image of God seemed to him an abasement of human intelligence. "Tell me," he said, "that you mean to hold on to slavery because it is profitable or because you love power and I will respect at least your truth, but if you attempt to justify your infamy by scriptural quotations or specious arguments about rights I spew you from my friendship." The "silver-gray" merchants who demurred at his constant agitation of this subject and who affected to regard him as a mountebank he bombarded without mercy. They were rich and in positions of influence, therefore they were the more dangerous, and he spared nothing that would convict them of treachery to the Master whose children and servants they professed to be.

Finally, after years of agitation, from the labors of the little coterie was born the Republican party. Mr. Beecher was one of its few fathers and tended it carefully from its birth. When John C. Fremont was nominated as Presidential candidate he took great interest in the campaign and addressed great audiences in Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania. He was then forty-three years old and in perfect health. With the exception of several months in 1849, when he was so seriously ill as to prevent his preaching from March until September, and three months in 1850, when he made a convalescing trip to Europe, he had not been absent a Sunday from his pulpit. The national peril in 1856 seemed so great that he was induced by his political friends to accept a leave of absence from his church and travel through



the Middle and Western States on a kind of oratorical pilgrimage. Wherever he went his fame preceded him, and in that memorable fight he added laurels of imperishable renown to those already won.

#### A NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

The defeat of Fremont, by Mr. Beecher and many others believed to be the work of Pennsylvania tricksters, consolidated the Republican party, intensified the growing hatred of the sections and afforded the extremists both sides of Mason and Dixon's line a never ending theme of discussion. Plymouth pulpit had become a national institution. The streets of Brooklyn leading from the ferries were busy with processions of men from New York looking for "Beecher." The policemen never waited for a stranger to conclude his question, but invariably interrupted him and said. "Follow the crowd." That hundreds heard Mr. Beecher preach from Sunday to Sunday who hated him and his doctrines is undoubtedly the fact. Some of the "best people" in the city refused to speak to him, and all over the land he was vilified and abused. All this made no impression on him. As he said after he had been twenty-five years in Plymouth Church:—"In the first sermon that I preached on the first Sunday night after I came here was a declaration that those who took pews in the church and attended my preaching might expect to hear the gospel applied faithfully to questions of peace and war and temperance and moral purification and liberty, and that there should be no uncertain sound on these subjects. During the earlier periods of my ministry here, and perhaps for the first twelve years, I made it a point, just preceeding the renting of the pews, to show my

hand with all the power that I possessed, to declare my opinions on the subject of slavery, in order that no man might be deceived and that it might not be supposed that popularity or seducing sympathy had changed the intense conviction of Plymouth Church in respect to the great and fundamental truths of human liberty."

WHERE ONE WENT TWENTY CAME.

Some of his people left his ministry, but where one went twenty new ones came. He demanded a free platform for himself and accorded it to others. His people did not servilely believe anything because he said it, for they often maintained opinions different from his to the end. Fortunately Mr. Beecher was a many sided man. His superabundant health and exuberant flow of spirits made him fresh and full of life. Cares, trouble and work seemed but to inspire him. The more he had to do the easier he did it. The habits of his life were regular. For years after he began his Brooklyn work he slept an hour or two every afternoon. He ate sparingly. At first it was his habit after the evening service to go with his wife and a few friends to the house of a parishioner and eat a hearty supper—cold roast beef, roast oysters, cold fowl or whatever—but as he grew stout and older he gave that habit over. So far as the public were concerned he was equable in temper. He always bore himself good naturedly, and from the first met strangers, old or young, with a frank look and a pleasant smile. At this period—1856 and on—he was writing for the *Independent*, lecturing two or three times a week, preaching twice every Sunday, lecturing in his chapel Wednesday evenings and talking with his people in the prayer meetings

of Friday. This, in addition to pastoral calls, funeral services, weddings and the thousand and one importunities to which popular men of all professions are liable. But even this did not seem to be enough. Throwing his heart into the work, he endeavored, in spite of great national excitement, to turn the thought of his people heavenward, and in 1858-9 the most "extraordinary works of grace were in progress" in his congregation. In the early summer of 1858 a perfect harvest of young people was gathered into the church, the total number being 378.

Meantime Mr. Beecher, in his pulpit and by his pen, stirred the depths of the heart of the nation, and although to many it appeared as if pastor and church were monomaniacs, it must be admitted that they stood together in stormy and troublesome times, faithful witnesses to the great truths of human right and human liberty. Later on, when, as the results of such agitations, discussion broke out into a flame of war, they did not flinch, but gave their sons and daughters, sending them to the field and the hospital. He kept a vigilant eye upon affairs and was one on whom men in authority leaned for counsel. He had worked hard to elect Abraham Lincoln, and often thanked God that He had raised such a man from the level of the people. As the nation hesitated in its first step the clarion cry of Beecher recalled it to its duty. Later on, when disaster and defeat sent the thrill of dismay through the North, the voice of Beecher warned the people of the danger of neglecting duty and the infamy of desertion. He wrote and spoke and urged and worked without rest. He counselled the President, cheered the troops and encouraged the people.

## PROPAGANDISM IN ENGLAND.

In 1862, for the benefit of his health, he visited Great Britain and the Continent with President Raymond, of Vassar College. On his arrival he was asked to speak, but he preferred not. It was privately known that one reason for his trip was the desire of our authorities to counteract the anti-Union impressions and prejudices that seemed to control the English people ; but, biding his time, Mr. Beecher left the country and with his friend made the Continental tour. On his return he found the friends of the Union cause down-hearted. The Confederates were not only not put down, but they were having their own way. The Union authorities were not unsuccessful, but they appeared to be paralyzed and discouraged by the magnitude of their undertaking. Without consultation with him the Americans in Great Britain had arranged that Mr. Beecher should speak in Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool and London. It was very easy to arrange.

The task was for the speaker.

Stirred by long nursed hatred of the man and his principles, the Southern agents, aided by their English friends and blockade runners, organized gangs of roughs to attend and, if possible, to break up the meetings. Fortunately, Beecher had entirely recovered his health. He was in prime condition. He knew his subject and his whole heart was in his work. The largest hall was engaged. The largest hall was packed. When the orator appeared at once there rose so wild a yell, such a storm of hisses and such an outburst of opprobrium, that braver men would have been justified in declining to face them.

Not so Beecher. He advanced to the front of the

platform and benignantly smiled. He was the embodiment of good nature—fat, round and jolly. His bump of humor was erect and took in the situation. Of physical danger—and there was plenty of it—he had no fear. All he wanted was silence and attention. He made friends with the reporters at once. They spoke to him and he to them. Gradually the uproar diminished and he began to speak. It then repeated itself only again to subside. After a little Mr. Beecher suggested the propriety of a little fair play in the matter, and expressed his perfect faith in the desire of every Englishman present to give him at least half the time. That broke the spell. It was useless to fight a man who laughed. It was folly to spend the evening in shouting at a man who was content to wait until his opponent's throat was choked with hoarseness, and they allowed him to proceed. They soon felt the warmth of his nature and yielded to the magnetism of his manner. Before he had spoken an hour he held the audience in his hand. Then came the tug of war. Scattered in the audience were the Confederate agents. They knew Beecher of old. They appreciated his power and feared precisely what had happened. To divert the audience was their evident cue. But how? By disconcerting Beecher! To accomplish this one after another asked him questions. That was his opportunity. Every question was a text. Each interruption was a chance. Repartee and rejoinder flashed from his lips. Wit and eloquence flowed like water. Possessed of all the facts historical and political, familiar with the social tendencies of slavery, posted about the leaders and alive to the importance of his victory to the cause of his country, Mr. Beecher gave

that audience a specimen of zealous patriotism, American eloquence and sledge hammer argument that compelled them to confess judgment and cheer him to the echo.

#### TRIUMPHANT HOME COMING.

That he won his oratorical battles in every place he spoke even his enemies declared. Every word he uttered was reported and printed. He displayed himself in all his best array. He made the people listen to his sober arguments, laugh at his wit and weep when he mourned. The man who had hitherto been known as "Ward Beecher, a brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe," now had his own firm foundation. Social attentions were showered on him and he became the rage, but the same self-respect that had sustained him when he was literally ignored before, now kept him from the abasement of recognizing aught that did not benefit the cause he served. After a series of oratorical triumphs unprecedented in the annals of the British platform, this hardy American Ambassador returned to his home and to a welcome which passes description.

It is not too much to say that when Mr. Beecher returned from England he could have claimed any reward in the gift of the government. But he had his reward in the gratitude of the nation and the affectionate demonstrations of his fellow citizens. He simply resumed his work in its several lines, and continued the successes of his life. As the war wore on and the question of Presidential candidates came up, he was outspoken in advocacy of Mr. Lincoln's re-election, and in the following campaign did much to secure that end. When finally the war was happily ended and peace declared he was the first to

stretch the hand of reconciliation across the bloody chasm, and in an ever memorable discourse preached the doctrine of brotherly love. The re-occupation of Fort Sumter and the raising of the old flag was made an occasion of national rejoicing, and Mr. Beecher was chosen as the orator of the day. But grave and gay as were the festivities of that hour they paled into insignificance before the return of the patriotic party from their mission of re-establishment in the presence of a bereavement that sent the nations of the earth in mourning to our national capital. The death of Lincoln stirred the deepest depths of Beecher's nature, and wrung from him a tribute of love and esteem and thoughtful appreciation that will be forever embalmed in the literature of the age. Apprehensive of discord at Washington Mr. Beecher was one of the first to declare in favor of universal amnesty and impartial suffrage. He believed Andrew Johnson to be a good man, and when he wrote his famous Cleveland letter to Charles G. Halpine and his associates he evinced more statesmanlike qualities than his critics at the time understood. Friends fell from him in consequence. There were many who could not forgive and forget. They were willing to say "I forgive," but they had suffered too much to pretend to forget. These frowned on Mr. Beecher and accused him of being a time server. At this he laughed as heartily as when the same people charged him with being foolhardy in his anti-slavery campaign. He said he could afford to wait, and he did.

#### LITERARY LABORS.

For reasons Mr. Beecher gave up the editorship of the *Independent*, and was connected with it as a correspondent only, his articles being indicated by a

star. The paper was known as "Beecher's paper" for years thereafter. For a long time he had contributed to the *Ledger*, and at earnest solicitation he wrote a charming serial of a pastoral nature called "Norwood," which, when published in book form, had a large sale. For this he received \$25,000. As years rolled on Mr. Beecher increased and multiplied. Several children were born in Brooklyn, and two twins named Arthur Howard and Alfred Bowen, after Messrs. Howard and Bowen, who were chiefly instrumental in starting the church and securing Mr. Beecher, died. He purchased a four story brown stone house on Columbia street, overlooking the East River and New York harbor, and also a country place in Peekskill, on the Hudson. Although in the receipt of a large salary and a satisfactory income from lecturing and writing Mr. Beecher made very little headway in money matters. Personally he was most charitable and foolishly liberal. His house was handsomely but not extravagantly furnished. He delighted in books, the rarer and more costly the better. His large family was always dependent on him. The sons did not inherit his genius, and his daughter married a poor young clergyman. To them he was more than generous. They lived together. The sons, married or single, with families or without, made their home in their father's house, and the daughter, with her large family, was abundantly provided for. Then the rest of the Beecher family needed help, some of them considerable. And he gave it. In addition to this Mr. Beecher was forever aiding his friends, lending them money, indorsing their notes, getting them out of troubles and bearing their burdens. He was indiscretion



itself in the management of his pecuniary affairs, and although he was comically careful at the spigot he was largely lavish at the bung. In later years the physical surroundings were changed materially so far as Brooklyn is concerned. He gave up his house on Columbia Heights and passed the winter months with one of his sons in the old Stringham house, at the corner of Hicks and Clark streets, but the family re-union in the Peekskill homestead continued to the end. From 1884 to 1887 he made money fast.

## FINANCIAL RESULTS.

As a money maker his profession does not supply his equal. An estimate of his receipts are made as follows by one who is in a position to know approximately :

Salary first ten years.....	\$50,000
Salary second ten years.....	100,000
Salary third ten years.....	200,000
Salary fourth ten years.....	200,000
For the novel "Norwood".....	25,000
For copyright of "Norwood".....	5,000
Lectures first ten years . . . . .	20,000
Lectures second ten years.....	50,000
Lectures third ten years:.....	150,000
Lectures fourth ten years.....	150,000
For "Life of Christ".....	10,000
For editorial and special work.....	150,000
Wedding fees... . . . .	10,000
Sales and copyrights.....	25,000

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Total.....\$1,145,000

To which may fairly be added miscellaneous income of at least..... 105,000

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Grand total.....\$1,250,000

## PUBLISHED WORKS.

Few persons know what an immense amount of literary work Mr. Beecher accomplished. The following is a list of the published works :—

Sermons, ten volumes of 475 pages each

Sermons, four volumes of 600 pages each.

“A Summer Parish,” 240 pages.

“Yale Lectures on Preaching,” first, second and third series.

“Lecture to Young men,” 506 pages.

“Star Papers,” 600 pages.

“Pleasant Talk About Fruits, Flowers and Farming,” 498 pages.

“Lecture Room Talks,” 384 pages.

“Norwood ; or, Village Life in New England” 549 pages.

“The Overture of Angels.”

“Eyes and Ears ; or, Thoughts as They Occur.”

“Freedom and War.”

“Royal Truths.”

“Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects.”

“Life of Jesus the Christ.”

This is in addition to his writings on agricultural, political and general subjects, his routine work and special trips for lecturing or speaking. He was always greatly interested in church music, more especially in the form of congregational singing, and one of the first things done by the new pastor from the West, when he took charge of Plymouth Church, was to compile a book of hymns and tunes for the use of his own and sister churches.

## THE “LIFE OF JESUS.”

For obvious reasons Mr. Beecher’s “Life of Jesus the Christ” deserves more than a mention in the list

of his writings. During many years he had loved, believed in and taught his people concerning Jesus Christ, in whom all the vitality of his life appeared to centre. To him Christ was everything and he cared to know no more. His brother clergymen and his own people often asked him to explain his views of Christ. He resolved to put himself on record and to write a book that would inspire a deeper interest in the life and sympathies of his Master. Writing himself about it, Mr. Beecher said :—

“I have undertaken to write a life of Jesus the Christ in the hope of inspiring a deeper interest in the noble Personage of whom those matchless histories, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, are the chief authentic memorials. I have endeavored to present scenes that occurred two thousand years ago as they would appear to modern eyes if the events had taken place in our day. \* \* \* Writing in full sympathy with the Gospels, as authentic historical documents, and with the nature and teachings of the great Personage whom they describe, \* \* \* I have not invented a life of Jesus to suit the critical philosophy of the nineteenth century. The Jesus of the four Evangelists for well nigh two thousand years has exerted a powerful influence upon the heart, the understanding and the imagination of mankind. It is that Jesus, and not a modern substitute, whom I have sought to depict, in His life, His social relations, His disposition, His deeds and doctrines.”

In the latter part of 1872 Ford & Co. issued the first volume—first paying Mr. Beecher \$10,000 cash for the completed work yet to be written—and it was at once hailed with enthusiasm by eminent men the

world around. Dr. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, pronounced it to be "the book which the masses of the Christian world have been waiting for." The religious press, without exception, accorded it a respectful welcome, and scholars and the clergy vied with each other in its praise. A well-known English critic said that Beecher's "Life of Christ" would be welcome to Christians, inquirers, skeptics, infidels, teachers, Bible classes, home circles and intelligent readers of every name. That Mr. Beecher had put his best work in the first volume of the work was evident to any critical reader, and the publishers gave it a frame worthy of the picture. Agents sold the book faster than it could be furnished, and that Mr. Beecher would make a fortune as well as fame was a moral certainty.

#### IN THE SUN OF PROSPERITY.

At this time it would have been impossible to find a man on the face of the earth on whom the sun of fortune shone more brilliantly than on Henry Ward Beecher. He and his always united church had just celebrated their silver wedding—the twenty-fifth anniversary of their coming together—at which none but sunny memories were disclosed. He was honored by the nation. His influence with the government and the people were equal to that of any one. He was in constant demand as a lecturer, and his appearance in popular assemblages was invariably the signal for genuine and welcoming applause. Although not rich he had an enormous income, which he spent freely and generously. His paper, the *Christian Union*, half of which he owned, had attained a phenomenal circulation, and prosperity "lived upon his business." The Rev. Dr. Storrs, in an ad-

dress delivered on the 10th of October, 1872, paid him, as the representative of the Christian community, a compliment of which any man in Christendom might well be proud. He at great length analyzed the elements of his power, which he classed in the following sequence :—First, a thoroughly vitalized mind, its creative faculties in full play all the time : second, immense common sense, a wonderfully self-rectifying judgment : third, a quick and deep sympathy with men ; fourth, mental sensibility ; fifth, his wonderful animal vigor, his fullness of bodily power, his voice, which can whisper and thunder alike ; his sympathy with nature and an enthusiasm for Christ which has certainly been the animating power of his ministry. He spoke of him as the foremost preacher in the American pulpit. After continuing in a most eulogistic strain a long time Dr. Storrs, in the presence of an immense and silent congregation, advanced to Mr. Beecher, who arose and taking him by the hand, said :—“ I am here to-night to give him the right hand of congratulation on the closing of this twenty-fifth year of his ministry, and to say, God be praised for all the work that you have done here. God be praised for the generous gifts which He has showered upon you, and the generous use which you have made of them, here and elsewhere, and everywhere in the land ! God give you many happy and glorious years of work and joy still to come in your ministry on earth ! May your soul, as the years go on, be whitened more and more in the radiance of God’s light and in the sunshine of His love ! And, when the end comes—as it will—may the gates of pearl swing inward for your entrance before the hands of those who have gone up

before you and who now wait to welcome you thither! and then may there open to you that vast and bright eternity—all vivid with God's love in which an instant vision shall be perfect joy, and an immortal labor shall be to you immortal rest!"

"This magnificent concluding passage," said a local paper the next day, "was uttered with an eloquence that defies description. At its conclusion Mr. Beecher, with tears, and trembling from head to foot, arose. and placing his hand on Dr. Storrs' shoulder, kissed him on the cheek. The congregation sat for a moment breathless and enraptured with this simple and beautiful action. Then there broke from them such a burst of applause as never before was heard in an ecclesiastical edifice. There was not a dry eye in the house."

#### THE BREATH OF SCANDAL.

But all this must have an end. In less than a month, suspicions were excited, friends were estranged the church was in arms and the country rang with a scandal exceeding any that had preceded it. Aside from the volumes of irrelevant or pertinent matter published by the press concerning the suit of Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher the facts are as follows :—

*First*—In the early days of Mr. Beecher's Brooklyn ministry Theodore Tilton and Elizabeth Richards, young members of Plymouth Church, were married. Tilton was a reporter on the *Tribune* and reported Mr. Beecher for the *Independent*. When Beecher became editor of the *Independent* Tilton was engaged as his assistant. They were warm friends and interchanged visits, although those of Tilton were discouraged by Mrs. Beecher, who never fancied him.

As time wore on Tilton, encouraged and aided by the countenance of his pastor, essayed public speaking, and having adopted his anti-slavery ideas was soon a favorite with the extreme abolitionists. He succeeded Mr. Beecher when the latter left the *Independent*, and was persuaded by his friends that his pastor was the one man who stood between him and the chief place among the orators of the nation. So far as the outside public knew the two men were like David and Jonathan, and even so late as the reception given to General Grant in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, they were seen arm in arm together—a feature of the reception, which was made at the special request of Tilton and greatly to the annoyance of the intimates of Mr. Beecher. The friendship between Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton continued as of old, and Tilton's course of comment and of ill disguised hostility to Beecher was a prime element in the young wife's unhappiness.

*Second*—On November 2 *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly* charged Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton with adultery. This paper was suppressed and the editors imprisoned for a time, the indiscreet friends of Mr. Beecher being prominent in their prosecution. The parties implicated gave the lie direct to their accusers. The impression gathered from Tilton's talk was that there was some sort of truth about the charge, but that as told was a gross fabrication. Mr. F. D. Moulton, a "mutual friend," also said the same. Tilton was in business embarrassment, moody and garrulous, and his wild way of talking and strange habit of methodically hinting as to what he knew and what he could do precipitated matters, and a charge was made that he, a member

of Plymouth Church, had slandered the pastor. Tilton met pastor and Church face to face, and said he was prepared to answer any charge Mr. Beecher might make. To the unutterable amazement of all present and the wonder of the world Mr. Beecher replied that he made none. Tilton further said that he was not a member of the Church, as he had voluntarily retired long since. The Church adopted that view of the matter and dropped his name from its rolls, though that of Mrs. Tilton remained.

#### THE CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

From this simple circumstance arose the voluminous and interesting correspondence between Mr. Beecher, Dr. Storrs and Dr. Buddington, out of which grew the famous Council of Congregational Churches in March, 1874, and the almost interminable letters of Dr. Bacon. In a nutshell, the case is this :—Mr. Beecher declared that no man, by joining a church, divests himself of the right to withdraw from it, and that though ordinarily such withdrawal should be with the expressed consent of the Church, yet in contingency every man has an indefeasible right to separate himself from the Church by his own sole right. His opponents dissented and claimed that Congregational usage dictated certain methods of procedure that must be followed. Mr. Beecher argued that the Word of God made no such provision, and that each Church organization had the right to make its own rules for the conduct of its affairs. They could not agree, and when a council was called Plymouth Church declined to participate, contenting itself by presenting a written declaration of its principles and the assertion that its pastor having been abundantly vindicated (in the Church



investigation that followed the publication of the scandal) it could not permit any outside interference with its internal economy. The council met. Dr. Bacon presided. Its sessions were long and much bitterness of feeling was manifested, but the conclusion was far different to that expected. The council adopted a report indirectly charging Plymouth Church with "want of fellowship" with other churches, but directly praising it for its willingness to obey the manual discipline. In other words, it decided nothing. Much ill feeling grew out of this. Dr. Storrs and Mr. Beecher, who had publicly embraced and kissed each other—three thousand witnesses applauding—were now separated forever. Brooklyn society was divided. The press took sides and the country was amazed. Dr. Bacon delivered a lecture to Yale's students on the subject and discussed it at length in the *Independent*, from which Tilton had been removed. This annoyed the friends of Mr. Beecher, who kept strangely silent, although he preached better than ever and was in greater demand, and worried Tilton beyond measure. His egotism and vanity, already sorely wounded by failure and disgrace, were pricked to the quick by the merciless criticisms of the logician. All efforts to suppress the matter failed, and Tilton published an article in which he said he had left Plymouth Church in 1870 because he had learned that in that year Mr. Beecher had committed against him an offense which he should forbear to name or to characterize: and he further stated that Mr. Beecher had brought disgrace on the Christian name.

#### THE "SCANDAL SUMMER."

After this followed the "scandal summer," in

which Mr. Beecher asked his church to investigate the scandal itself—not the church discipline matter, but the direct charge of Tilton—and it did so. Mr. Beecher's indiscreet friends, believing in the policy of silence, had their meetings in secret. Reporters were compelled to glean their points where they could find them. The Tilton party, aided and abetted by Moulton, were always ready to talk, and the consequence was the public was continually fed on charges, innuendoes of the most prurient nature. Mrs. Tilton, always a talky person, did her part also. Leaving her husband's home, she lived with members of Plymouth Church. Women constantly talked with her and repeated what she said, with their eccentric notions added. The committee fondly hoped to be able to keep the details of their investigation from the public eye. Tilton had handed in two "statements" not to be published. Moulton did the same. Beecher was examined also. The committee reported in favor of the pastor and the church held a joyful meeting.

But it was the beginning only of an end never attained.

It was not long before the Tilton story found its way to the public press, and then it appeared that Tilton charged Beecher with the ruin of his wife, the details of which, he said, he gave. The most extraordinary letters, purporting to be from Beecher to Tilton or Moulton, were published, and ere long it appeared as if the social structure of Brooklyn in general and Plymouth Church in particular had been for years upon the crest of a boiling volcano. Through the long summer and autumn the war of bitter words and recriminations continued, until it

culminated in a suit for \$100,000 damages brought by Tilton against Beecher.

IN OPEN COURT.

*Third*—The trial of this case is one of the best illustrations of the power of money and the uncertainty of the law the books can disclose. The simple question was, "Has the defendant damaged the plaintiff by adultery with his wife, and if so is he damaged to the extent of \$100,000?" But simple as the question was it took one judge, twelve jurors and ten bright lawyers six months to ascertain that they could not answer it. The plaintiff had as counsel ex-Judge Samuel D. Morris, ex-Judge William Fullerton, William A. Beach and Judge Morris' partner, Mr. Pearsall. Mr. Beecher was defended by William M. Evarts, ex-Judge John K. Porter, General Benjamin F. Tracy, Thomas K. Shearman, John D. Hill and Mr. Abbott. Judge Neilson, of the Brooklyn City Court, tried the case. At first it appeared to be his intention to permit the legal net to draw in every kind of fish the dirty pool contained, and the trial went on and on. Tilton's examination was as good as a play. Beecher's was as dramatic as a tragedy. If they had been dictating their autobiographies for an encyclopedia wider latitude could not have been granted. The court room was packed. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were attended by hosts of friends. Enthusiastic admirers sent Tilton bouquets, and the scene became a daily rival to the best shows in the land. There seemed to be no idea of the fact that it was a suit for cash. The papers openly discussed the question of "Beecher's guilt." "Is he guilty?" was the universal question, and after a while the popular mind settled on the belief that Mr. Beecher

was on trial for the crime of adultery and that the verdict must be "guilty" or "not guilty." One of the features of the case was the presentation and reading of a series of extraordinary letters written by Mr. and Mrs. Tilton to each other. The plaintiff had no tangible evidence of the defendant's guilt save (1) influence, (2) an alleged but not produced letter of Mrs. Tilton's and (3) the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Moulton that Mr. Beecher confessed adultery to them. The inferences were drawn from letters of Mr. Beecher which were characteristically imprudent and extravagant. It appeared, too, that since the alleged discovery Tilton had accepted \$75,000 from Mr. Beecher, although he said he did not know where the money came from. This was supplemented by a line sent to Mr. Beecher's pulpit just after some of the money was received by Tilton, which read, "Grace, mercy and peace.—T. T." Mr. Beecher was put through a course of biographical narration, the like of which was never heard—his boyhood, his education, his life work, his religious faith. Finally they asked a pertinent question, and he declared, in the presence of the Almighty, that he had never committed adultery. The theory of the defence was that when Mrs. Tilton in the anguish of her soul went to consult her pastor about the misconduct and brutal treatment of her husband Mr. Beecher referred her to Mrs. Beecher, who, after listening to Mrs. Tilton's wrongs, repeated them to her husband, and they advised her to leave him. This, combined with other troubles and his life long hatred and jealousy of Beecher's fame, led Tilton to conspire with other parties to pull Beecher down. After this, when Moulton explained to Beecher that Mrs.

Tilton's story was a fabrication, and convinced him that he had broken up the Tilton home by advising Mrs. Tilton to leave it, and had thus opened the door for Bowen to discharge Tilton from the *Independent*, Beecher broke down, wept bitterly and in characteristically extravagant self-condemnation said, "I humble myself before him as I do before my God," and did what he could by sending him money with which to buoy up his sunken fortune.

NO VERDICT.

After six months, at least five of which were frittered away, the jury retired to deliberate. They stood ten for the defendant and two for the plaintiff. In that way they remained a long time. A son-in-law of the foreman had made a bet that the jury would not be for the plaintiff. This was made known and created hard feeling. At one time, it is said, they found for the defendant and agreed to so report at the conclusion of the following day. The foreman, desiring to be placed right about his son-in-law, unwisely revived the story of the alleged wager, this renewed the discussion, and again a breach was made. No argument could convince either section, and they reported their inability to agree. Thus, so far as the parties were concerned, Tilton failed to get his damages and Beecher failed of a legal vindication.

A series of dirty proceedings followed naturally in the train of the trial, but they are of no consequence now.

Mr. Beecher's friends stood closer to him than before. They regarded him as a victim of blackmailing and a martyr to unwise sympathies. His salary was increased and the demands upon his time

were more frequent than ever. In 1877-8 he made two lecture tours from Maine to California that were triumphal processions and great pecuniary successes. Yale College invited him to speak to her students and he delivered three series of lectures to the young men of that institution. At the New England Society's dinners he was the conspicuous guest, and in many matters of social moment in New York and Brooklyn special attention was paid him as the honored person present. His church increased and prospered, and its missionary work enlarged its sphere year by year. The sale of his books fell off and the circulation of his paper, to which he gave but little personal attention, gradually dwindled to but fair proportions. The work of his later years "The Life of Jesus the Christ," became a matter of litigation, and in many ways the great preacher seemed to feel the blackness of the cloud that had settled upon him. The members of the old Brooklyn Thirteenth regiment elected him their chaplain, and he entered with boyish enthusiasm upon his novel duties. He built him a magnificent mansion on the hill in Peekskill, and kept all his children—except Mrs. Scoville—and theirs about him. Those who loved him before loved him with a deeper love, and those who hated him before added venom to their hate.

#### A MEMORABLE SCENE.

On the night of October 30, 1880, Mr. Beecher and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll spoke on the same platform in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, at a Republican mass meeting, when the great preacher introduced the great orator and free thinker with a warmth and earnestness of compliment that brought

the 6,000 lookers on to their feet to applaud. But when the expounder of the Gospel of Christ took the famous atheist by the hand and shook it fervently, saying the while that he respected and honored him for the honesty of his convictions and his splendid labors for patriotism and for the country, the enthusiasm knew no bounds and the great building trembled and vibrated with the storm of applause.

#### HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

The celebration of Mr. Beecher's seventieth birthday at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, June 25, 1883, was a wonderful manifestation of his popularity in the city of his adoption. It was not an ovation from a mere congregation to whom his labors and his eloquence had endeared him, it was a demonstration of a whole city.

From the parquet to the gayly frescoed roof of the building the Academy was packed. Not even at the great political gatherings which this structure has witnessed has the multitude been greater. Men of all classes, all parties and nearly all religious denominations joined in the jubilee.

In Mr. Beecher's address he said:—

“If there is any one thing that is dearer to my heart than another, it is the belief in an immanent God, in all men and in all things, and what vanity it would be for me to stand here and say that the things of which I have been permitted to be a spectator were mine. They are the footsteps of God. This is the progress that long ago has been predicted and of which we have seen but the opening chapters. No man is great of himself. No man is great except by that open channel in him through which

God can speak or act. And whoever says anything that shall live for the sake of humanity borrows it; it is not his own. Whoever does anything that is worthy of his time and of his nation, it is God that does it. Work out your own salvation, saith God to the individual and the race, with fear and trembling and earnestness, for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do all his good pleasure. When I look down, therefore, into the future my hope and my confidence is that religion is leading men on. My trust and my unshaken hope for the future is that God reigns and the whole earth shall see His salvation. I accept, then, in some sort this gathering to-night, not as testimony to me, but as testimony to my Lord and my Saviour."

#### A CHANGE OF POLITICS.

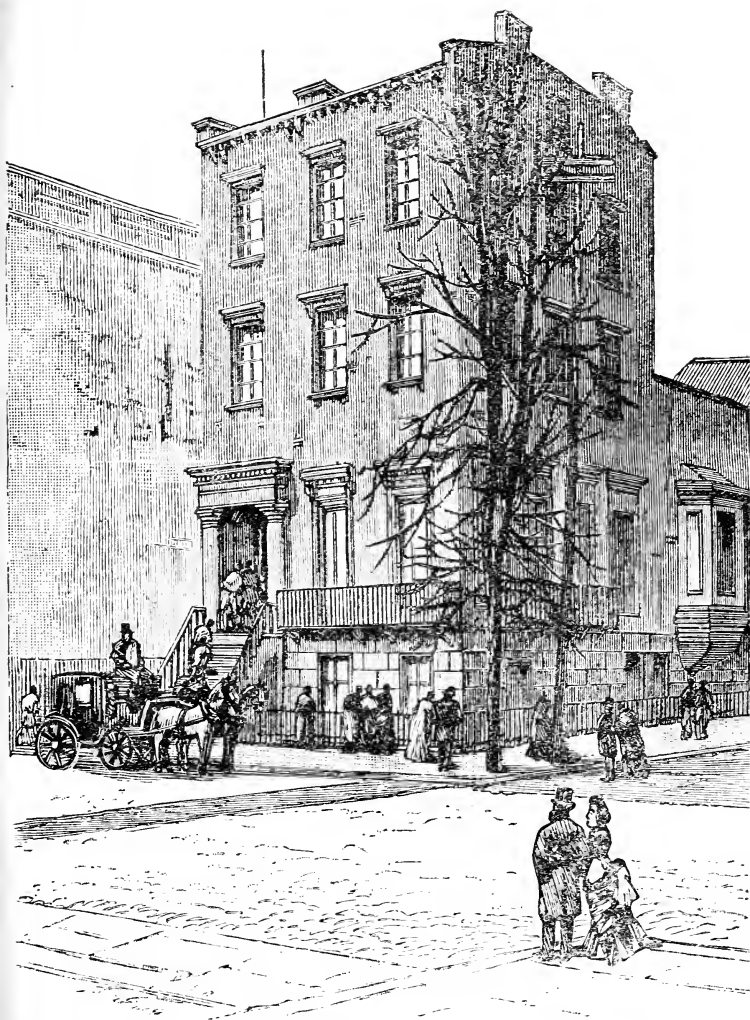
On the 11th of July, 1884, Mr. Beecher first declared himself in favor of Cleveland, in whose cause he afterward did yeoman's service, in these words:—

"I shall vote for Grover Cleveland, and I shall use whatever influence I am possessed of to further his election; and this I shall do, not because I am a Democrat, but because I am a Republican."

In an interview some days later he said, speaking of Mr. Blaine:—"I don't think it is for the welfare of the country to put the administration and disposition of all the offices into the hands of a man who has that moral calibre and that record. The Republican party needs a very strong rebuke in this direction. It had a lesson when Cleveland was elected Governor; it was a rebuke of the methods adopted to beat Cornell."

Throughout the campaign Mr. Beecher was consistent in his advocacy of Cleveland, and it was to





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Mrs. Beecher that Cleveland wrote denying the aspersions on his character.

In June, 1886, at the earnest desire of friends, Mr. Beecher revisited England, and his heart was cheered by a series of welcomes and receptions, the parallel to which no other American ever enjoyed. He created a profound impression in clerical circles on one occasion when at the close of a lecture, clergymen were requested to ask him questions—a second edition of his celebrated Yale College talks. During this trip his letters to friends at home were cheerful and characteristically descriptive. Now and then he seemed to lapse into his despondent mood, and once wrote. “It would be a delight to close now my work and go to my rest, unless, indeed, it please God that I must keep on a little longer.”

#### HOME TO WORK AND DIE.

Vacation ended, Mr. Beecher came home to work and die.

The past winter's record discloses an amazing degree of work laid out and work done. He preached twice every Sunday, and virtually every Friday night as well. He wrote a syndicate letter for the press weekly. He performed the perfunctory duties of his great parish—three in one. He married the young; he buried the old. He attended receptions, made after-dinner speeches and visited all places of public and healthful recreation.

And chief of all he determined to take up anew and finish the “Life of Jesus the Christ.” Changing largely the active habit of his outdoor life he confined himself to books, to study, to thought and its outworking. His very heart was in his endeavor. He assigned himself a daily “stent.” That is, he

finished a certain number of pages a day. It was easy and pleasant to do this, but the mental strain was unusual, the physical restraint was unnatural and the draught on his emotional nature was—well, let any one who knew the man make the estimate.

He anticipated the end.

Indeed, his sermons abound with references to the delight of a sudden and painless death, a sleep from which the awakening would be Heaven: and now that he is gone friends look, and not in vain, for such comfort as can be found in the fact that the great American, our foremost orator, the first citizen of his vicinage, died as he had hoped, in the plenitude of power, on the very pinnacle of fame, beloved by a nation and admired by a world.

FACTS OF THE DEATH.—A STATEMENT MADE AND AUTHORIZED BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Thursday, the 3rd of March, was Henry Ward Beecher's last day of health and full consciousness on the earth. The day before, Wednesday, the 2nd of March in the evening, his wife said to him:

"Father, can you leave off your writing to-morrow? I want you to go with me to New York."

"Yes, mother, I will whether I can or not; what do you want me to do?"

The two called one another Father and Mother when speaking to or of one another, as the habit of long married lovers is. The appellations of the children thus become woven in with the habits of talk of the parents. The parental feeling was so strong in both that its form of speech expressed the protective sense of each toward the other.

In answer to his question Mrs. Beecher told her husband that she wanted him to select with her

furniture for the parlors of the church and other things mentioned. They went to New York early Thursday morning, wandered and shopped there at will all day and got home in good time for tea, Mr. Beecher taking his usual short nap before that meal. "It was the happiest day of my life," remarked Mrs. Beecher. "I never knew my husband so lively, tender and joyous before or not in a long time. His mind, heart and health were at their best. He overflowed with talk, both humorous and serious. 'I am so glad, mother,' said he, 'that you are well enough again to interest yourself in church work. The fair we have had got all the ladies together. It gave them something to do. Each one's gift or work or help was equal in spirit and value. The proceeds were enough to newly furnish the parlors. The event will lead to social meetings again. If there has been any apathy or hardness of feeling among the ladies it has been removed. I want you to share my work. You can do much of it that I can not do or do nearly so well as you. I want Plymouth to be again as eminently a social church as it was in other years. You should meet the ladies frequently. They love you and they love the church, and they love to please and co-operate with you and work for the church. It will make us both young again.'"

In such talk and with pleasant work the two passed the last day he was to see with fulness of consciousness.

That night Mr. Beecher dined with the family, played backgammon in the sitting room, waited for a couple that wanted to be married, went out on an errand and returned a few minutes before 9. At 9 he said :

"I guess I'll go to bed."

"Why, father, what does that mean? Is there anything the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Beecher.

"Nothing," he smilingly answered, "only I'm tired. I've done a good deal of work with you to-day."

"But you've been tired before and never retired until about 10," rejoined his wife.

"Well, I guess I'll go to bed anyway," he said, and he did."

He bade those assembled good night, went upstairs with a firm tread and, according to what she further had said to him, Mrs. Beecher went upstairs a quarter of an hour later not intending then to retire, but to write near him in the adjoining room. When Mrs. Beecher went upstairs she found Mr. Beecher sound asleep on his right side, his head resting on his right hand. She was surprised, for it was his habit to undress gradually, to sit in his shirt sleeves and read a little, to talk a while on the events of the day and to go to bed about an hour after going upstairs. However, Mrs. Beecher found him sleeping so tranquilly that she did not disturb him. She wrote in the adjoining room until 1 A. M. Then, finding her husband still asleep, she concluded to sleep in the room in which she had been writing, instead of, as her habit was, with him, so as not to disturb him. She passed her hand over his forehead and felt of his left hand. The flesh was warm and natural and his sleep was as the sleep of a little child.

Some hours after retiring Mrs. Beecher was aroused by a sound in her husband's room. She at once ran to his side and found him suffering from ex-

treme nausea. The attack was long and hard, but he experienced entire relief. It was between 4 and 5 in the morning.

"Father, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Mother, nothing only a sick headache," he said.

"Henry, you never had a headache in your life before. Something must be wrong," she anxiously rejoined.

"No; it's only a sick headache. I shall be better," he replied.

Mrs. Beecher wiped her husband's face and hands, removed the traces of the nausea, smoothed and arranged his pillows. While she was doing that he said:

"You are not by me to-night. Well, dear, go to sleep again, and don't stay up in your bare feet."

When the lady returned after this from placing a towel on the rack and approached the bed where Mr. Beecher was she was again surprised to find he had instantly fallen in profound sleep. Nevertheless she did not disturb him, but went again to bed in the adjoining room. Mrs. Beecher, as her habit is, arose and dressed at 5 A. M. She noticed her husband still sleeping. She resumed her writing and was surprised that neither the rising bell nor the breakfast bell waked him. It had never been so before.

The family of children and grandchildren trooped down the stairs that Friday morning, joking, laughing and chasing one another on their way to breakfast. Mrs. Beecher descended last, with a heavy heart, but hopeful that slumber meant recuperation. Entering the room, she narrated what has been told, and expressed her apprehension.

"Nonsense, mother," said Colonel Beecher, "You know the Beechers all cure themselves in sleep. I wouldn't waken him."

"There's not much likelihood of my waking him if the noise you all made coming downstairs didn't do it," she resumed. Mrs. Beecher then asked her daughter-in-law what Mr. Beecher had eaten for supper the night before. "Nothing but six roasted clams, was that lady's reply. There were six sent to each plate. Mr. Beecher did not send up his plate a second time. As he was accustomed to and fond of that dish, it was agreed that that did not account for his nausea.

Mr. Beecher slept through the day. His wife went to his side several times, but did not disturb him. Near 4 o'clock in the afternoon, ten hours after his attack, she sent her maid with a note to Dr. Searle, asking him to come to see her, telling him that something was the matter with Mr. Beecher, she did not know what, and warning him to say nothing of it to the others till he had seen her.

The doctor came and told Mrs. Beecher that prolonged sleep was a habit and a hopeful sign of her husband in sickness. They went to where he was. Dr. Searle shook him by the shoulder, saying:

"Dominie, wake up!"

He slowly wakened, gazed at his wife and the doctor and the former said:

"Father, you must get up and dress. It's afternoon. You'll have to go to prayer-meeting. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear; but I do not want to get up. I'll not go to prayer-meeting to-night. Tell them ——" Without finishing the sentence he fell asleep at once.



Dr. Searle was then of the opinion that it was a severe billious attack. He and Mrs. Beecher were not surprised at some thickness and slowness of speech. Mr. Beecher always spoke that way on first coming out of deep sleep.

The doctor left to return at 7. At 7, Mrs. Beecher told him she had tried to warm her husband's hands and feet with shawls and blankets, but they were cold and she could not warm them. At this Dr. Searle became grave. Going to the bed he with difficulty again aroused Mr. Beecher and said to him :

"Raise your hand ! Can you raise your hand ?"

"I—— can—— raise ——it ——high—— enough to —— hit—— you——," slowly came from the smiling lips, in deep, guttural tones.

He tried to raise his hand, but could hardly raise it at all.

"Please put out your tongue," said the doctor.

The patient with difficulty put it out, but only a little way.

"More ! Further ! All !" said Dr. Searle, quickly.

The effort to comply was a failure.

Mr. Beecher's gaze was fixed on his wife and on the doctor's face. His wife held his left hand in her right hand. As the good Dr. Searle's countenance knit with the grief that confirmed his apprehensions, Mr. Beecher closed his eyes and gave the hand of his wife a long, strong, loving and earnest pressure. It was realization of the inevitable. It was farewell. He never opened his eyes again. His sleep thereafter was constant. His breathing became stertorous, but quietly so. At intervals to Saturday morning he would under a strong call of the voice and pres-

sure of the hand return or seem to return a pressure which was interpreted to be recognition. From Saturday morning until the end were silence, sleep, heavy but regular breathing and unconsciousness.

Several times they thought him dying when he slept, but warning nature would rally in sleep. Mrs. Beecher held his hand in hers continually. When the end approached all the household were gathered. It was their unanimous wish that none but themselves and the physician should be present, but that wish could not be entirely effected. When the end came all of the Beecher blood stood or knelt around. Not one of them shed a tear or gave expression to a sob—then and there. The supreme self control was an obedience to Mr. Beecher's often expressed hope and wish that around his bed of release not tears should fall, but the feeling should prevail as those who think of a soul gone to its crowning.

#### LYING IN STATE.

From early morning the crowd began to gather about the Beecher mansion, to witness the departure of the mortal remains of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher from the place he had so long known as his home. By 9 o'clock, when the Thirteenth Regiment, which was to act as an escort, came upon the scene, the curbstones were lined with people from Montague street to Pineapple. The regiment was drawn up on Hicks street, with its head resting upon Clark street. The officers' sword hilts were bound with crape, the banners were also sheathed with crape and crape was bound about the instruments of the band. These were the only signs of mourning visible in the apparel or appointments of any of those who attended the funeral.

The battalion stood at ease till 10.20 o'clock when it formed a column of fours and marched down to a position in front of the house.

Meanwhile the services in the house, which were entirely private, were proceeding. The casket lay in the front parlor with the feet toward Hicks street. It was heaped with red and white roses and calla lilies. Through the glass at the head the face could be seen. It was the great face which the nation knew so well. It was very natural. The gray hair was parted back from the high, bold brow, the mobile features were in noble repose. It seemed as though the great preacher was only sleeping pleasantly and would wake as full of sunshine as ever.

Around the head of the casket sat the quartet.

The Rev. Dr. Hall who officiated alone at the private service, was dressed in full Episcopal canonicals. He stood at the head of the casket holding a large black prayer book of the Episcopal Church. He read the service appointed for the burial of the dead with much feeling, but his voice was marred by a slight cold.

At intervals in the service the quartet sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Beyond the smiling and the Weeping." Dr. Hall made an address which lasted about fifteen minutes. He said:

"It was a custom among the Hebrews that when one of their number died a priest knelt and whispered in his ear, 'Jehovah, thy God, will keep thee.' These were the last words of earth which smote on the senses of the dying man. And when death had come and the heart had ceased to beat the body was carried out of the house and placed upon the ground and a candle was placed at the head and one at the

feet, beautifully significant of the fact that we are all children of earth and all equal. It hardly needed this symbol to assure us that our beloved brother [sobs], whose face we now see almost for the last time, was a man of the people, a Republican of Republicans, a Democrat of Democrats, a man of the common people. There was no man in all this wide continent who was so dear to my heart as him who lies dead before me. There was no man whom I have ever met or heard of, or whose works I have ever read, who impressed me so deeply with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. He was a man of men, the most manly man I ever met, but he was also a man of God in a pre-eminent sense of the word. His utterances were often said by those who heard him to have come from a great, overflowing fountainous heart, but I believe the source was even deeper than that. They came from a great soul. The piercing vision of his inspiration saw through the veils which creeds put on, and what that vision saw the tongue uttered; it was the truth, the great truth of the great love of God which other preachers would fain have limited. I first met the great man whom we have gathered here to honor for the last time on earth in these trying days which proceeded and came immediately after the opening of the war. I found him the sturdy champion of Union and freedom of the slaves, the stern foe of rebellion, and yet immediately after the close of the great war I found him in a new character—the staunch friend of the defeated South. I loved and revered this man more than any other on the face of the earth. Spiritually I owed more to him than to any other. I was specially drawn toward him because I hate shams and believe that politeness, though all very well in its way, is often too full of insincerity. Mr. Beecher was therefore beloved. Of me especially, because he was a man of transparent sincerity. Why he loved me I do not know, why I loved him all men who ever knew him will understand.”

The services concluded with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Hall.

When the service was finished and when all present had taken a last look at the face they held so dear, a pall, entirely composed of lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern, bound with smilax, was spread over the bier, which was then lifted on the shoulders of eight pall bearers.

Slowly the bearers and escort proceeded up Hicks street nearly half a block to where the hearse was standing.

As the bier was transferred from the bearers to the hearse the battallion came to the shoulder arms.

The body reached the church at about 11.00 o'clock and the casket was placed on the catafalque in the centre of the church, and the pall of asparagus fern was partially removed so as to show the features of the dead pastor.

The floral decorations in the church were the most beautiful that had ever been seen in Brooklyn. Not a piece of black could be found anywhere. The platform was one mass of flowers reaching to the organ. The reading stand was covered with asparagus fern and smilax, and on top of it was a magnificent floral design of asparagus fern, tea and Cook roses, surmounted by three white doves.

The pastor's pew was tastefully decorated with smilax, hyacinth and calla lilies. Three laurel wreaths were hung on the front pew beside the casket.

The people poured into the church in one steady stream for nearly two hours, while General King played "Descend from Heaven, Immortal Dove," which was Mr. Beecher's favorite hymn.

## EXERCISES IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Many relatives of the dead pastor visited the church early in the morning and took their last look at the dear face. Shortly after 8 o'clock Mrs. Beecher, leaning on the arm of her son, W. C. Beecher, entered the church by the side door and passing round by the platform threw herself on the casket and wept long and bitterly over the remains of the one with whom she had come down through the valley of life, from youth to old age. It was a touching scene and those who saw the widow crying over her dead husband will never forget her grief. The son stood beside her, supporting her as best he could, and mingled his tears with those of his mother. They stood thus for ten minutes, when Mr. Beecher gently led her away and out through the alleyway to the waiting carriage. She was then driven home. Mrs. Beecher wished to attend the public service but her sons, by the advice of Dr. Searle, persuaded her to remain at home as her health would not stand the strain.

The members of Company G. Thirteenth Regiment, were on guard in the church all night, six men relieving each other at intervals at the coffin. The doors were opened at 9 o'clock, half an hour before the advertised time as the crowd in the street was becoming too great for the police to handle.

Long before 10.30 o'clock, the hour appointed for the services to begin, the edifice was crowded to the very doors.

When the clock which was nearly concealed by flowers, showed the hour of 10.35 the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, dressed in a white surplice with a black band, ascended the platform and took his seat

on the left of the reading desk. He was followed by the Rev. S. B. Halliday, the assistant pastor, with his heavy overcoat buttoned around him. Dr. Hall looked sad and troubled as he began to perform the duty which he had so many years ago promised his friend to do. He began the Episcopal funeral service by reading sentences from the Scriptures, beginning "I am the Resurrection and the Life," during which the congregation stood up and bowed their heads. The burial chant, "Lord Let Me Know Mine End," was sung by a double quartet. Dr. Hall then read the lesson from the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, beginning with the twentieth verse. The Rev. S. B. Halliday offered a feeling prayer as follows :

O, Lord, we know what Thou hast done to comfort and help us, but our hearts are very sad this morning. Our cry is one of hope that You will draw graciously near to us and show us that thou art not dead. We thank Thee, O Lord, that we can come to Thee as little children and be comforted as the child that is troubled goes to its mother for relief. Bring our hearts nearer to Thee, O Lord, for we have many things to thank Thee for even in this hour. We do bless Thee, O Lord, that Thou left our pastor so long with us. He is not dead. A voice comes back from the other shore, "I am not dead." May we not, O Lord, rejoice that the separation is only a brief one. Come, then, and help us. We have loved him long and well and though he is not with us we shall love him yet. Do not the dear ones that have departed look down on us? Have our fathers and mothers forgotten us, and if he loved us here will he not love us now that he is gone? Soothe us with Thy hand as a child is soothed. Now, our Heavenly Father, we ask You to help us that you may be blessed. Lord we feel very grateful that we have so much sympathy in our affliction. Bless those that

have helped us to give them in their hour of need the same aid. We thank Thee for allowing us to draw so near Thee. Come then and supply our wants and help us to mould our lives by the teachings that he has given us. Oh! may the spirit of God come to Dr. Hall and bless him for coming and speaking to us to-day. We commend to Thee the dear family from whose midst their friend has gone, whose voice they will never hear again, and whose face they will never see. Let it be a house of peace. Oh! Jesus, be with the poor widow not only this day, but in the days to come. We commend to Thee, not only the immediate family but the relatives, the two brothers who are here. Bless them and comfort them. Hear our prayer from our hearts and accept it for Jesus sake. Amen.

After the conclusion of the prayer not a dry eye was to be seen in the church and the quartet and full chorus sang the anthem, "Blessed are the departed."

The Rev. Dr. Hall then rose and came slowly forward to the reading desk over which the late pastor was wont to hurl his fiery eloquence. He had in his hand a typewriter copy of an address, which he proceeded to read in a voice that was just a little stiff and formal in the opening sentences. Gradually warmth came into the discourse, the speaker rose to his subject, the words came from the heart instead of the paper, and at last the declamation became warm and vivid and electrical and melting. There were many touching allusions to the dead friend of the speaker and the people assembled, and soon sobs arose and tears were shed. The old men wept more than the women. They had known Mr. Beecher since their youth. The address was as follows:



## DR. HALL'S ADDRESS.

The hand that rests so still yonder laid aside the pen over a page of the unfinished "Life of Christ." Possibly the last flash of thought, as the conviction grew upon him of the probable end of life, was that his work was to be left unfinished—that he had not told men all that he would have them know of that precious revelation. Possibly, as the spirit fled away to be with Christ, whom he had been serving, the full knowledge came to him of that shoreless ocean of eternal life, which is to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent—that is, the beatific vision, the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. We dwell on one tiny bay of it here and dream about it. The departed saints of God have already put out on its immeasurable spaces, and learned that the "Life of Christ" is never finished. It is the one word of God which is ever being spoken—echoing again and again, on and on with ceaseless reverberations, down the centuries. If there was one thing that stirred the heart that now rests from its labors more than any other, that has marked his life and makes his memory precious to us now, it was his many sided utterances of a Christ living, as going about among men, a Master who first and last asks us to believe in Him rather than to believe what others say about Him. The radical question of this age has been, "Is there a faculty of illuminated reason to recognize a living Christ, who can talk to us, and by the great communication of His Mind and Spirit directly lead us into all truths?" As monarchies and hereditary institutions and at last African slavery have fallen to the dust, the question gathers voice and insists upon an answer—it will not be put off by any compromises with past orders and institutions—but renews itself at every turn, echoes in every advance in science or art, comes up in every development of literature and social progress. "Is there a faith in a Christ behind the consciousness of the individual, that can be to him the very word of God,

the illuminated, mandatory conscience?" In a country that dreams as yet of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, that question is inevitable, and even if it should send the sword among us for a while in the effort for peace, it must be answered. It is not an accident then altogether, that man, whose life has been moulded by that question and its possible answers, should have paused on the unfinished volume of "The Life of Christ." He has been a man of the people, Christward. We remind you, that though the English speaking race to-day mourns his call and recognizes his loss, the Americans feel that he has been a great leader and adviser in the guidance of all manner of substantial interests, though the Legislature of the State has paid him an unusual honor—of adjourning—as his right, though the presses and divines and orators of all degrees are trying to compass the mighty theme in glowing words, in words of exulting grief that we have had him with us so long—and have lost him—yet that as he lies there so quiet, we may look at him as one who has been through all and in all things an apostle of one supreme thought, a preacher of the everlasting gospel of the ever-living Christ. You who knew him best—you who have listened to him here in this church, know well that first, last and always, in no barren or dreaming sense, his life has been absorbed in this work and hid with Christ in God. In the prayers which he breathed out here for forty years so simply you have been hearing an inner echo as if it had come out of the heart of Jesus. In his ordinary teaching, in lectures and sermons, the one thought in them has been to lead you to believe—not something about Christ, but to believe in Himself. In his intellect—his heart, his common life—wherever we, his neighbors, have felt him—he has been a witness to the presence of a Word of God, the ideal man, the light that lightens every man that cometh into this American world, that cometh into this Brooklyn life

—that cometh within reach of the testimonies of this platform. Perhaps some would have wished him to have shown tender care of the withes that bound him, but God has sent him the fire that burned them, and it was not for him to stay its power. Men talk occasionally of his lack of a theological system, of quotations and learned references and courtesies to the authoritative erudition of past ages. But the living Christ is always greater than divinities or creeds. The cry is as old as Christianity. "If we let this man thus alone the Romans will come and destroy our city." Jesus to the Pharisees had never learned letters, and yet the common people heard him gladly. As in his war on slavery there were few persuasive authorities, individual or ecclesiastical, to go back to and sit in among, and he could only fall back of a living Christ, as Seward did on a "higher law." So the undertone of this life here has been a faith in Christ, a faith filled with New England sap and silicates, a faith freed by the tonic airs of wild prairies and vigorously set to work here on every department of human life in which the Creator may be imagined to take an interest. Please note that we are here to "bury him, not to praise him." My opinion may be indulged that the one fact about him, which endures in that life into which he has now gone, was his fidelity to the great law of faith, which, in its last analysis means that he has taken his part in making the life of Christ a reality. He would be the first to allow that in this work there is a law that reverses to the eye all worldly modes of comparison. "The last shall be first and the first last." The poorest serving girl that has caught the meaning of his preaching and hid her hard life in Christ's wondrous love and now meets her spiritual teacher in Paradise, find him gladly confessing his wonder at their surroundings—as being, like her, "a sinner saved by grace." If the "Life of Christ" is never finished then we may consent to go to all

manner of teachers for instruction about it and wade through all manner of learned wisdom, and accept for trial all manner of hereditary experiments so as to know all that we may about Him, but then to cast them all aside in His presence when that light that shone on Saul of Tarsus comes blinding down on us and to ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" This is my Thought of him to-day. This single chaplet I would put upon his coffin. He lived, moved, and had his being in the Word of God, on its aisatlantic side and spoken in its American accent. The children of the poor, the oppressed and the afflicted, the slaves, the publicans, sinners, have had a Gospel preached unto them here by a preacher who had little apparent anxiety about the serried files of systematic divinities in imitation of One who somebody seemed to value more, a voice that came to him at times out of a blue sky, "This is My beloved Son," or again saying when his soul was troubled, "I have glorified and will glorify again." The poor, weary souls who have accepted this Gospel at his hands have rejoiced with the peace which the world does not give—and thank God! cannot take away. Is the life of Christ ever finished? Is not always the last volume lying in sheets, wanting the last touch—always receiving the newest revelations of its oldest meanings? Give a glance at his history. St. Luke, the most scholarly of the Evangelists, supposed that he had finished it once—but now we hear from him, "The former treatise, O, Theophilus! of all that Jesus began (errato) both to do and teach"—began, not finished. There was a new power in the world coming to the surface. There was a mystical Christ entering into the weary heart of humanity and continuing both to do and to teach. St. Luke tells us of an eloquent Hellenistic youth who pleaded with radiant face against the blindness of hereditary traditions and saw "the glory of God and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." At his word the scholar of Gamaliel rides forth to crush

the new heresy that threatens to break down the old traditions and is smitten to the earth with the splendors of the new Shechinah in the temple of the individual heart and starts on a new career. Or again, Paul goes back to the old temple of his fathers and Jesus confronts him there and bids him depart and go far hence to the Gentiles. Men became possessed with an inspiration that changed all things with a royal regeneration, and it is Jesus always who continues to do and to teach. Miracle passes into law, and the evangelist has only begun again the story of the unending life and left its final volume unwritten. St John, the Divine, once thought that a gospel of his had told the wonderful story of that Sacred Life—but again, on a holy evening as he mused, lo, the High Priest stood before him in the great temple of the Universe, and gathered the splendors of the sunset clouds as his garments and took on the sound of many “waters” as his voice, and royally served the little churches of Asia, in what men now call the “progress of events.” His message was, “I am he that liveth and was dead ; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, amen ! and have the keys of death and Hades.” So John tried to give utterance to the grander sides of Jesus. Before in his gospel he had posed him as meek and lowly, sitting languid with the Summer heat and dusty with the way ; as he wrote it, “sitting thus on the well.” Now he shows Him as still on the earth, the High Priest making intercession, the Knightly Rider, the Throned Lamb of God, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Did his life end with the Apocalypse ? Let the sufferings and triumphs of the Christ that remained answer. So, again, when Northern barbarians crushed the fair and seemly defences of Roman civilization in which the Church was tempted to rest, then the great Bishop of Hippo revealed to his age the city of God—the spiritual organization of the mystical Christ and His kingly reign began. So again, when the brutal ages ensued of fierce contests with iron mailed kings and

savage lords, the great Hildebrand roused the faithful to a new obedience to organized spiritual forces as supreme, and founded the papal throne as the visible sacrament of an invisible monarch. The crozier testified again to a higher conception of the great High Priest, who went forth with every poor missionary, monk or hermit, and thrilled all Europe with new life. When that rule became in time corrupt and tyrannical, other men of renown arose to recall their ages to the Christ who bade every soul find its justification in faith and accept from him directly its election as the everlasting decree of the ageless Creator. But to come at once to our American soil, every advance that the world has made has been toward the rights of all men, to a free conscience, to equality of privilege, man with man, and to the solemn duty of faith in a Christ who comes to all directly in the might of the spirit and mind of Jesus. Forty years ago that question of a living Christ, in whom to live and believe, was knocking at the doors of men's consciences on the side of orthodox traditions. On its intellectual side it was bound to disturb the whole Christian life of this country. That question was predestined to produce some man or some men who would be driven to reinvestigate the platforms which had sufficed for a humbler past. Whether this man has done it well or ill we leave to the verdict of the future. He has certainly compelled all men to think of it and recognize it. He has left a broad mark upon the Christian life of his age—rather a stimulus in its heart to earnest and devout effort to make the Christ a true presence, to honor daily life as capable of a genuine transubstantiation, so that a plain man may say now, as an earnest man once said: "I am crucified with Christ—nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." Making no pretense to being a theologian or a scholar, my faith rests in the possibility of an illuminated con-

science. My gratitude goes forth to him who lies here, that he has enunciated that creed with body, soul and spirit. He loved all things and his eloquence has adorned and beautified all in subservience to that belief. If the Christ indeed now feeds the oil to the golden lamps of special churches and lives on as truly God with us as ever he was, our brother comprehends that his last symbol of earthly work was properly the unfinished volume of his "Life of Christ." Let us follow him as he followed Christ. Let us turn away to another thought. Abraham was to the Israelites, in some things, what Jesus is to us—the type of a covenant system. We now refer to him in a single point. The Lord came to the old Hebrew of His own divine will, as He saw him somewhat resting in earthly happiness, and tried him to the quick—deliberately shocked him into those days of awful agony—with his very faith on the totter. Then as the angelic vision held back his hand, the patriarch found in his trial the ideal of the crosses. He "saw the day of Christ and was glad." Paul, in the same line, tells us of a desire in his heart "to know the power of the resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made comfortable to His death; if by any means he might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." Jesus also means much the same when He bids us take up our cross and follow him. Whenever He sees us too full of earthly wishes or cares or success, and in danger from prosperity, He does for us what He did for Abraham and Job and Paul, and what He did for our brother. He sends a cloud over prosperity to win us by wholesome discipline, "if by any means we can attain unto the mysteries of the resurrection." A brave and weary heart is here at rest—brave of old to dare brutal force and defy the violence of mobs and ruffians in speaking for the slave; brave to accept the murmurs and doubts of his political friends, when conscience prompted to part from them; bravest to wrestle alone with a great sorrow,

when he could find no earthly help. We honor him for the courage of his former acts—we love him and wonder at him for the calm, sweet, gentle resignation of these last years. God, I believe, has led him step by step to spend his last days among us with a wisdom gained from the cross; a tender, gentle, soberer wisdom which helped him to see the Captain of our Salvation who was made perfect through suffering, that we may all be of one, and the great Sufferer not ashamed to called us brethern. On last Sunday evening in this place, two weeks ago, after the congregation had retired from it, the organist and one or two others were practicing the hymn.

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest.”

Mr. Beecher, doubtless, with that tire that follows a pastor's Sunday work, remained and listened. Two street urchins were prompted to wander into the building, and one of them was standing perhaps, in the position of the boy whom Raphael has immortalized, gazing up at the organ. The old man, laying his hands on the boys head, turned his face upward and kissed him, and with his arms about the two, left the scene of his triumphs, his trials and his successes, forever. It was a fitting close to a grand life, the old man of genius and fame shielding the little wanderers, great in breasting traditional ways and prejudices, great also in the gesture, so like him, that recognized, as did the Master, that the humblest and the poorest were his brethern, the great preacher led out into the night by the little nameless waifs. The great “Life of Christ” is left unfinished for us to do our little part, and weave our humble deeds and teachings into the story. Men will praise our brother for genius, patriotism, victories and intellectual labors. My love for him had its origin in his broad humanity, his utter lack of sham, his transparent love of the “unction from above” that dwells



in and teaches and beautifies the lines of duty. He said of his father, "The two things which he desired most were the glory of God and the good of men." So was it with him, as the hearts of grateful myriads attest. But we bid him here farewell, and to me oftenest will come the vision of him, passing out of yonder door with his arm about the boys, passing on to the city of God, where he hears again the familiar voice of the Master saying, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"And now, brethren of Plymouth Church, I have fulfilled the promise made to my friend. I have offered my whole heart to the public simply to show that I loved him and loved him dearly enough to pay his memory the little honor that I have. The bond that has bound us together, though often unknown to many and not very often expressed, I believe can word itself in two verses of a Quaker poet of America. Our dead brother and I, although he was a Congregationalist and I an old hereditary Episcopalian, both, like the Quaker, believing in the Spirit's presence, alike held these words as true:

And so beside the Silent Sea,  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their frouded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

At the conclusion of Dr. Hall's address, the congregation led by the volunteer choir sang the hymn which Mr. Beecher loved so well: "Jesus Lover of My Soul." Then came the chant, "I Hear a Voice," Shelley, by the double quartet, and after that the hymn, "Soul Divine," sung by the congregation to

the tune, "Beecher." After this the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Hall, and then came the Recessional hymn, "Hark! Hark My Soul!" by the Plymouth quartet.

Long before the services were concluded the people began forming in line, awaiting the chance to view the face of the dead pastor. And when they were concluded, the doors of the church were thrown open and the people slowly began passing through the church and filing past the dead.

The procession moved very slowly and many were compelled to stand in the line for three or four hours before they could gain entrance to the church. Such a gathering has never been seen in Brooklyn before and it is not probable that another such will ever be witnessed.

#### IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Escorted by twelve carriages containing only members of Plymouth Church and intimate friends, the remains of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher were taken to Greenwood Cemetery and laid away in the receiving vault there to remain until the family prepares a last resting place. The funeral was of the simplest kind, in accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Beecher.

As the cortege passed through the gates of the cemetery the bell was tolled mournfully. This was continued until the gates of the vault were closed. The vault faces a small lake, wherein the fountain played and as the water splashed in the bright sunlight the effect was charming. The gates leading to the vault were completely covered with maiden hair fern, asparagus fern, pink and white roses and lilies of the valley.

The casket was carried into the entrance to the

vault by cemetery employes, followed by the occupants of the carriages, with uncovered heads. The coffin was gently lowered into the zinc lined box, the floral pall was removed and the lid screwed down. The pall was placed on top of the box, while those strong men, every one of whom knew and loved the honored dead during the greater part of his life, stood around with bowed heads and sad hearts waiting for the last act that would remove their friend from their side. There was scarcely a dry eye in that little group and even some of the cemetery employes near the door was seen to move their lips as if offering a silent prayer for the departed soul. The Rev. Mr. Haliday occupied a position at the head of the casket and, after a long pause, during which he tried to restrain his tears, prayed in a broken voice for the man with whom he had labored so long as follows :

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we remember how Christ was taken from the Cross and laid in Joseph's tomb. We remember how tenderly he was laid away and so will we consign our brother to this tomb. Christ was buried on a dark morning and there was no comfort for His disciples. But now all is brightness and comfort. In this silver hour we lift our hearts to Thee. Now, Almighty God, we ask therefore, Thy blessing and consign to Thy keeping this precious dust of ours. Thou wilt keep it, O Lord, until we come together on the Resurrection day to sing the new song of gladness. And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit abide with you all now and forever. Amen.

Then the casket was carried into the tomb. The sad ceremony being over the group slowly returned to their carriages and were driven back to the city.

## MR. BEECHER'S WILL.

In the name of God, Amen :

I, Henry Ward Beecher, of the City of Brooklyn, and State of New York, hereby revoking all other and former wills by me heretofore made, do make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament.

I. I hereby authorize and direct my executors or such of them as shall qualify upon my death to collect and receive the amount of my life insurance, to invest the same and pay the proceeds of such instrument to my wife during her life in equal quarter yearly payments.

II. I hereby give, bequeath and devise unto my executors, or each of them as shall qualify, the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, both real and personal, of every kind, in trust for the benefit of my children.

And I hereby direct that my said executors distribute and apportion my said estate among my said children in such manner and form and at such time or times as shall in their judgment be for the best interests of my said children, giving unto my said executors full power to sell and mortgage such and so much of my real and personal property as they shall deem best, and to invest or distribute the proceeds of such sale or sales as herein provided.

III. It is my will that if any of my said children should die before the complete distribution of my estate, as above provided, leaving issue them surviving, that such issue shall stand and take in the place and stead of their parent, taking per stripes and not per capita.

IV. I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my

sons, Henry B. Beecher, William C. Beecher and Herbert F. Beecher, all of Brooklyn, N. Y., and my son in law, Rev. Samuel Scoville, of Norwich, N. Y., the executors and trustees of this my will. And it is my will that no bonds shall be required of them or either of them.

[L.S.]

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

July 11, 1878.

Signed, sealed and declared by the said testator to be his last will and testament in the presence of us, who, at his request and in his presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

A. S. BARNES, 533 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn.

FREDERICK D. BLAKE, 536 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn.

#### THE LAST SERMON.

The sermon was preached on Sunday evening, February 27. Luke xvi. 4: "I am resolved what to do."

I read in your hearing this narrative, this parable of our Lord. The unjust steward had been accused, and rightfully, of betraying his trust and wasting that committed to him. His master called him to an account and he was satisfied that the end had come. And he communed with himself; and as the result of the looking over all the circumstances he said: "I am resolved what to do." What he resolved to do was not very honest, but it was very shrewd. He resolved to make friends of all the creditors and all the debtors to his lord—call them up and settle with them in such a way as to the law that no obligations should accrue to him. And although he and they cheated the master, he gained himself. And the master pressed him—not Jesus, but the man that owned the property. He said to himself, well, that is shrewd, that is cunning,

that is wise. And the comment on it is, the children of this world are always wiser than the children of light. That is to say that men that are acting for worldly reasons are much wiser than men attempting to act from highest moral conditions. But what I have selected is simply this : "I am resolved what to do." What, then, is the nature of the resolution? What is the scope of it; the potency and the drawbacks? A short consideration of these questions may throw light upon the path of many of us. Now, my good friends, making up the mind is the equivalent of forming a purpose. When a man resolves he means, or should mean, to do something, and all resolutions carry, or should carry, not simply the end sought, but also the inevitable and necessary means by which the end is sought. I am resolved to cross that river by the bridge, by the boat or by swimming. But to stand on one side and resolve to be on the other without any intermediate means of doing it would be folly indeed. I am resolved to go early to market. All the intermediate and implied steps of that resolution that could be carried out are included within the resolution itself. A resolution is a purpose, and, in so far as simple things uncompounded, uncomplex, are concerned, a resolution may be executed immediately, without loss of time. Indeed, the greatest number of resolutions are those done on the stroke of the hammer and the explosion of the gun—are almost without any appreciable lapse of time. One goes in a crowd. A man would strike him. His defense is not the resolution of reflection, and yet it was in him as the result of experience and practice. A man will resolve that he will go to bed. It don't take long there to resolve that to-morrow morning he will go out and attend m rket; but to-morrow morning is dark and stormy, and the resolution would not come so strong when he wakes up as when he went to bed. There are a good many considerations that have come in. Some friend is there, and then

the time is too late to go and come again. So he puts it off to the next morning, so that between the resolution and the act one takes hold upon the other. There is a delay in intermediate history. As you grow in life and in society it has become more complex. Civilization has grown in complexity. So the things that you will do or should do are in danger. A resolution to do ever so much—it is something different from the first resolve. Resolution means, then a purpose, a will itself. And it includes in it all the intermediate and indispensable intermediate steps. Some resolutions execute themselves immediately, some with some delay, some with long delay, some with many subordinate resolutions that carry out the primary one, and a man may resolve at a critical moment that which will determine the whole career of his life; yea, and determine in any one single final moment that which will take the whole of his life to carry into effect. When my father was yet a lad (he was brought up substantially by an uncle) he had in him all that was necessary to make him what he was in his professional life, but he didn't know it. He was careless, he was heedless he was very good externally, and so his uncle, going out one morning, found that he was out late with the horse the night before visiting some young companion. The bridal was thrown there on the barn floor, and the horse turned in without a halter. He said: "Oh, well, Lyman, will never make a farmer;" and so, talking in the orchard with him one day, he says: "Lyman, how would you like to go to college?" No answer. They went on working all day. The next day, about the same hour, as they worked together in the orchard, Lyman said: "I should like to go, sir." [Applause.] That settled it. And in that liking to go there was a purpose that shaped differently his whole life. It never gave out; it branched in every direction, bore fruit, and finally made him what he was. That was the starting point. He made a tolerably good minister and

a tolerably good father.' [Applause.] So, then, a man may form a resolution at that period, but yet with infinite consequence in its development. It may include in itself a longer process. It may include the actual scope of a man's life, and it is upon that, subordinate resolution will be very successful to carry out the great primary resolution which a man makes; that is, if a man is to be a lawyer he is not going to be a blacksmith, nor a sailor, nor a soldier; so there is the resolution of exclusion. It turns him away from those things inconsistent with the first element. If he is to be a lawyer there must be the kind of diction and the professional diction and all the additions which are prerequisite of pressing him to the great point of beginning the practice. If these are wrapped up in the first determination to be—I will be a lawyer, I have determined don't make him one. It starts along the train of evidences that are necessary to make him a lawyer. A young man may stand on the threshold of life. He may resolve that he will see the world; and the man that means to see everything in the world will probably see a good deal under the world; by and by he won't care about seeing. A man may resolve, on the other hand, "I believe in honesty." It is the best principle. But it is better than nothing to say it is the best policy. All good policy is principle. All good principle is policy. A man may say, I am determined to be an honest, upright man. That at once separates between men. He won't associate with certain, he will associate with certain others. He won't follow certain things—callings. The resolutions of life develop between one and another. Resolution is a great thing—great thing. Now, there are a great many people that do not seem to form a resolution. They are reckless; all their thoughts run through them and are wasted. There are some men who are like a well. They hold what they have got. And there are a great many whose thoughts



are like this ; that are going everywhere and don't know that they are going anywhere and are expecting. Then there is a great deal of difference in the power of men to form resolutions. Some men swing under a sterling, strong purpose—when once they resolve never flinch. They never know any hour of backsliding. They never turn back once, having put their hand to the plow they never turn back again. Others forget it. They are not stiff enough to stand against the wind that shall come upon them. Quality of resolutions which men make are of very great importance and when a man has no sufficient support in his own will, he is the man that needs to associate himself with those that are a support to him. Even the very woman when the wind blows so that she can't make headway against it supports herself by a fence that is safe, knowing that will hold her until the lull. And so it is in the body, so it is in regard to this. There are some persons left to themselves wavering ; there are sometimes very good reasons. Sometimes the purpose was formed in a moment of excitement. To-day a man may be susceptible of one class of effects that are being produced, and then form resolutions, but immediately some others come in between him and it. And he is just as susceptible of that and the consequent state of mind alters the first. And there are many people, women of that fickleness and facial changeableness. To-day a man is under the necessity of standing to his purpose under the influence of things, but by and by outbreaks or politics bring up to his mind certain facts, and all his mode is changed. We are like the snow at this time of the year, falls one day and disappears the next. So that there is this changeableness that is in men. They have felt the degree of power come from the nature of the mind. There is, however, this idea, not to be neglected—the distinction between a man's willing and his wishing. A great many people think that a wish is a resolution, but it's gone into proverb that "if

wishes were horses, then beggars might ride." A man wishes he was rich; but he is too lazy, he never will be. A man wishes he knew more; probably never will. He's lazy. A man wishes he could have influence in the circles in which society moves, but he stops. He will never have wisdom and patience to do it. And so men stand over against the great objects in life. Men should be respected, but they are not respected. They wish for that which will endure. That would be a purpose. They wish the thing without taking the intermediate step. So men are fools all over the world. Wishing, wishing, wishing. They must be fools when they believe that wishing is some sort of resolution toward competency. When men came to him and said "Lord, we will follow Thee whither ever Thou goest." He said, you don't know that I am destined to suffer poverty, persecution, death. You think I am going out a royal person and that you will have pleasures of honor and gold. I would be a Christian, if—ah that settles it; I want to be a Christian, but—yes, that settles it again. And so he was surrounded by hundreds of persons wishing, wishing, wishing, with various degrees of excitability in them and would have nothing to do with them. Let him take up his cross and follow Me, whomsoever would be My disciple. There is something to do more than to wish. There is a great distinction between wishing and willing. You wish to be a Christian, do you—will you be one? Your wishing is tantalizing. Your will of help completes the man whether you regard it as a duty or as a means of greatest satisfaction. That is, we were made to be Christians. Being Christian is simply being yourself in those relations to yourself and to your fellow men and to your God for which you were Christians. Did you ever undertake to take apart a watch? And that is very easy. Did you ever undertake to put it together again? That is not so easy. You don't know what screw goes in first—which wheel goes in first. But one

thing is perfectly clear, and that is that nothing else will fit together but that for which the watch was made. And each wheel is just entitled to one function. But if you can bring them together with intent of the maker, it will perform. A man has definite resolutions he makes by special reflection of his animal nature and meaning. Take the servant and not his master and the moral elements and modes are made to live with him and there is only one way that men can live together. Kindness, love (justice means love; justice would not signify the less). And we have a distinct and unmistakable revelation in Jesus in the New Testament. We know we have got to love our fellow men. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Self love is usually on top. And then we know perfectly well that we are affianced to higher beings than men. A clean life is all. We know all these resolutions to ourselves and in ourselves. And this, I say, is reasonable that we should endeavor to live under this type upon which we are created. It is reasonable. A great many people go about saying it is reasonable for a man to be damned, because he could not gulp and swallow all the dominie said and all the pretended facts. Christianity means living in those relations for which we were created harmonizing it to ourselves, to our relations, to our fellowmen and the invisible and the future. I say this is reasonable. I say more than that, that it has in it the greatest amount of inherent happiness. For although a man may be very true to his patience, taking the average and the whole of life, he loses rather than gains. Loses now, but suffers then. A man may think that because he runs through a desperate period and then reforms that the desperation is all through. No, no. A man may by evil deeds lay the eggs that will hatch twenty years after that time. And as a general truth I think it is demonstrable by actual observation and experience. To devotional frames of mind thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself. Therefore you must

love yourself. Bearing in mind what a resolution means, what it executes, how many men can say to-night: Yes, I am resolved what to do. I am afraid there will be few that will say: I want to be a Christian. That is what they are after. Men may say, on the other hand: I hope some time to be a Christian. I feel sometimes as if I would like to be one, I wish I was one. Just as a lazy man wishes he had the products of industry. How many men are there to-night that can say: I am resolved what to do. I am resolved to be a Christian. Are you, then, resolved at once to become a Christian? to begin to become a Christian at once? In one sense, no. In another sense, yes. No boy ever learned a trade at a blow. But I can begin just the same. No man ever became a scholar by resolution, but he never can become one without a resolution. It is a complex, a constantly repeating one, I will begin to-night. I am resolved as far as I live and as far as I know my way. I am determined. God knows it. I am determined to work my life hereafter on my own principles. I am resolved to be a Christian man. Now, that is my condition. This resolution don't mean according to this church or theology. It simply means in itself, I will regulate my life inside and out according to the principles laid down for us by the Lord Jesus Christ. Isn't that a very simple thing to do? What does it carry with it! It carries nothing in the face of this. I will, therefore, begin by calling away everything that will stand in the way of this resolution. May I continue in a wicked way? I will begin as a part of the fulfilment of this resolution—I will stop. That is the way of the repentance which John began and Christ continued. Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand. I am going to live as a Christian man or woman, and if there be that which I know to be wrong, obviously wrong, in the incidental weaknesses and frailties of life, I am trying to follow in Christ. And then, in the next place, the resolution to be a Christian—it is not that I will be a Christian next year, or by and by, or on my

death bed, but I am going to begin at once, as far as I know how. Are you ready to begin your Christian life by asking in sincerity, by asking God to be merciful? Give me your life, not to say your help. There are a great many precious thoughts. Is there sincerity in you? I would to God that I may have both the refuting and sustaining power. Are you ready to begin that Christian life by opening the Word of God and reading a chapter, not a verse or two, every day, but to make Him the man of your counsel? When any scheme is formed in New York there is always a lawyer there, and the organizers never take a single step without consulting him, and he is by them all the time. It is a complex thing. A great deal depends upon it, and they can't afford to go wrong. Are you willing to take the New Testament and see what it says about pride, and all ills and evil speaking and all self consciousness in its crisp mode? Are you willing to look to-night? Are you willing to take the Bible just as a shipmaster takes a ship, who, when he leaves the last shore light and takes his direction, never says: "Where is my instrument?" Are you willing to begin a Christian course and voyage by giving to the Word of God, to history's sake, what is expected of you; what you are to expect or reject; what is sensible; what is the resolve, according to practical way of resolution? What is the other way? There is a father and mother. I believe they were Christians. Indeed, a man's mother is oftentimes more to him—there are a great many men that are held and gone forth by the memories of their mother. Are you willing to take all the advantages? Are you going to begin it now? You have been brought up in Christian knowledge from your very cradle. You have known all these things. But what Christian life and duty is, there is not a man here that needs any additional inspiration. But can a man in resolution come into a state of resolution? Can a man, simply saying "I will," fail? No, no. A man will say, "I command love."

Advantages to mankind command the causes of love. They lie within your reach. But I am so earnest that I am going to avail myself of all the light of social life that I can and of all the Christian institutions that are necessary for me. Well, ah! That is practice, and that is his excuse. Are you going to say: "Well, I will see about it?" Oh, no! Yet in the West when the times are hard they give a note payable within four months. They pay one note by giving another. And there are multitudes of people that form a resolution in that way. After the second note is due they may say. "Well, I have made up my mind and I am going to be a Christian as soon as I get ready." When are you going to get ready? It's quieting your conscience and your reason now by promising yourself that by and by you will take that step. It is a resolution that merely means a non fulfillment of the duty. Two deacons had been warm friends, and yet one day they got into a dispute until they came positively to hate each other. And one Sunday morning the dominie, going by one of the elders, heard him muttering to himself, "He will go to hell, he will go to hell." The old dominie steps up to him and said, "My dear brother, he won't go to hell." "Yes, he will go to hell." "Well my dear fellow, he may repent, you know." "Well he's just mean enough to do it." [Applause.] O, that's you! That is exactly the condition in which some of you are. You mean just to get into Heaven. You are just mean enough to do it. [Laughter.] I am determined by the help of God that I will live in such a way that I shall live in Heaven. I say to every man, don't wait until to-morrow morning. Register your vow to-night. Go home and tell God of it. Go home and tell your wife of it. That is the very thing you don't dare to do. Because, when a man once commits himself he feels ashamed to go back, and if you do it's because you have not made up your mind. When a man is determined that he will live a Christian life, he will be willing to say to all that are around about him, I am going to try and have made

up my mind to try. Are there any of you that are willing to make that resolve? God help you. For a while it will be a troublesome endeavor, for a little while, and then easier and easier, and bringing encouragement and joyfulness.

THE LAST PRAYER BY MR. BEECHER.

The following prayer offered on the last Sunday evening that he officiated in Plymouth Church.

We thank Thee for the day, for the light that has shone, for that brighter light that we have felt. We thank Thee for the consciousness that has been in us that we have been accepted of Thee, and that our souls are endeavoring to walk in Thy way. We thank Thee for the quiet of our home, and that Thou hast among any of us brought the twilight hour within the midnight, as it were. We thank Thee for the sustaining grace and for the kindling up before us of a brighter future interpreted by hope; and we thank thee that Thou hast taught us that all things shall work together for good to them that love Thee. We have learned largely and yet are poor scholars. We believe that in looking back upon life we have discerned the fulfillment of Thy declarations. The things that once wet us with tears we now see to have been mercy; the things that we sought for and mourned because we had them not, we rejoice that they were denied us. Our children are perpetually getting from us refusals; we rejoice that Thou art not less tender of us than we are of our children. And so we submit ourselves to Thy providence and rejoice in it, and not alone because Thou hast declared, but because Thou hast fulfilled in our own experience Thy words. We praise Thee and rejoice in Thy will made known to us in the unfolding processes of our lives. Now, we beseech of Thee that Thou wilt in love chastise us: arouse us from stupor; suffer us not to lose ground as a slumbrous man; we pray Thee that we may be spared by Thy truth and by Thy providence, and have cast Thine own soul on ours by the Holy Ghost.

We beseech of Thee that Thou wouldst grant unto every one of us, day by day, the consciousness that we are walking under the guide of Thyself. Sanctify to us the dealings of Thy providence, whether they are painful or joyful ; make them all joyful, and grant unto us that power by which we can forego temptation ; grant unto us that will by which we can hold our own will in subjection ; and grant unto us the power to hold our will in union with all that is right and good and work in us to will and to do for Thy good pleasure. We beseech of Thee that Thou wouldst grant thy blessing according to the several necessities of life. To all that are gathered here—are we not all yet acknowledging ourselves to be Christ's in purpose or in disposition ? But yet Thou makest Thy sun to rise upon the good and the evil, Thou sendest rain upon the just and upon the unjust ; and so are we not the children of Thy benefaction ? Grant Thy blessing upon us all ; make our hearts tender to Thy truth ; cleanse our lives ; help us to search what things are individually for advantage ; accept our thanks for so many mercies and bounties, and grant that Thou may not make us vain ; take not away from us the hunger and the thirst after righteousness. Let Thy kingdom come in us, and Thy will be done as it is in heaven. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.



## THE LAST SUNDAY AT PLYMOUTH.

A member of the congregation relates the following:

"On the last Sunday Mr. Beecher preached I was greatly impressed with the weary, tired, hesitating way with which he drew off his overcoat and deposited it on the chairs; placing his soft slouch hat on the top of it. Instead of standing over the heater for a few minutes, which was an almost invariable practice with him he wearily looked around at the congregation that was rapidly filling up every pew, and then with a tired tread he ascended the stairs to the platform and took a seat in the well known chair in front of the Mount Olivet stand.

"The usually radiant, beaming face looked troubled and sad as he drew from the side pocket of his coat a few sheets of folded note paper containing the outline of his discourse and laid it on the little table beside him. I said to myself. He is not well, and will not preach with his usual power to-day. The more I watched him the more was I convinced that there was some trouble, either mental or physical, that was beclouding his Sabbath day.

"When the quartet choir had concluded the singing of the anthem Mr. Beecher rose to offer the invocatory prayer, and my cloudy forebodings of sorrow in the great preacher's heart or of his possible physical suffering were chased away by the reverent utterances and the supplication that inspired devotion. He read the fifth chapter of the gospel of St. Mark with unusual dramatic effect.

"The sermon in Plymouth Church, when Mr. Beecher was not there, was the consummate blossom

of the simple service which prepares and ripens the way for it. But this Sunday the preacher did not seem to be able to weave from the loom of his mind those matchless colors of fancy and of spiritualized thought that were characteristic of his pulpit utterances. He closed his discourse earlier than usual, and with some abruptness. The words of the final prayer were probably fewer than he had ever offered before in public.

“Strangers gathered round him at the foot of the stairs; he greeted every one with a kindliness and an earnestness that showed no signs of weariness.

“When this was over he sat at the end of a pew near his own, with his soft slouch hat swinging in his hand, listening to the quartet choir rehearsing the anthem for the evening.”

#### DESIRE FOR DEATH—AND A QUICK ONE.

Mr. Beecher's dread of a lingering death was familiar to all who heard him often, for he expressed it freely. He had always in mind the unhappy years that closed the life of his father, Lyman Beecher, who lived long after his mental faculties were impaired, and dreaded a “living death” for himself. Referring to his father's experience, he once said to a friend, “I know there is a purgatory, for I have seen it!”

Only a few days before his death he met on the street a member of Plymouth Church whose father, a strong, well preserved man of over eighty, had recently been stricken with paralysis, of which he died in a few days. Mr. Beecher said to the son:—“When my time comes I desire two things that were granted to your father. I want that it should be said of me

‘A good man has gone,’ and I want to go in the same way.”

During his absence in England last summer he wrote from old Chester to an intimate friend:—“I want to come home. I have wandered enough. I cannot say I have rested enough, for I am kept very busy. True, I was never in better health and vigor, and am doing my work easily. I do not think I shall come back jaded. Yet I long every year to lay down my tasks and depart. It is not a judgment formed on reasonable grounds. It is simply a quiet longing of the spirit, a brooding desire to be through with my work although I am willing to go on—if need be!”

MR. BEECHER'S FAVORITE HYMN.

“The Shining Shore,” was so much a favorite with Beecher that on occasions when he knew distinguished strangers to be in the congregation or had any minister from a distance with him in the pulpit, he was apt to allow the people to exhibit their vocal power by singing it. The following is the hymn (set to music by G. F. Root and words by David Nelson):

My days are gliding swiftly by  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly!  
Those hours of toil and danger.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand.  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethern dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning—

Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing ;  
 That perfect rest nought can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each chord on earth to sever,  
 Our King says, Come, and there's our home.  
 Forever, oh ! forever !

#### SOME CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

When General, then Colonel, James McLeer was postmaster of Brooklyn, in the course of the business of that office a notice was sent to Mr. Beecher that a "dead" letter of his was held. He sent the following reply to Colonel McLeer, who was one of his intimate friends :

"October 28, 1880.

"*Colonel McLeer :*

"Dear Sir—Your notice that a letter of mine was dead and subject to my order is before me.

"We must all die ! and tho' the premature decease of my poor letter should excite a proper sympathy (and I hope it does) yet I am greatly sustained under the affliction.

"What was the date of its death ? Of what did it die ? Had it in its last hours proper attention and such consolation as befit the melancholy occasion ? Did it leave any effects ?

"Will you kindly see to its funeral ? I am strongly inclined to cremation.

"May I ask whether any other letters of mine are sick, dangerously sick ? If any depart this life don't notify me hereafter, don't notify me till after the funeral. Affectionately yours,

[signed]

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Colonel McLeer examined the deceased letter and wrote Mr. Beecher, in the course of the letter

saying : " I hesitate, Mr. Beecher, to carry out your instructions in regard to the cremation of your letter, as it contains a check for \$150."

On the receipt of this information Mr. Beecher hastened to Colonel McLeer's office. Entering the room with a rush he threw his hat with force on the desk. Drawing himself to his full height he, without preface and looking the Colonel full in the face. said :

" I do hereby fully revoke, cancel and recind all the power delegated to you to cremate any letters of mine or in which I may have any interest.

Then he demanded his letter, received it and the two friends sat down and endeavored to outdo each other in telling stories.

The following was sent to the Philomathean Society in response to an invitation to its annual dinner on December 31, 1885 :

DECEMBER, 28, 1885.

GENTLEMEN—I am obliged to be absent from town on the night of your dinner or should certainly accept your invitation with more pleasure than I do those more ostentatious dinners where, as I cannot eat and do not drink and dislike tobacco smoke, I sit like a dried herring.

American young men should all be taught to think on their feet. The spirit of our institutions demands debate. In times of political excitement the whole nation is a grand debating society. Every citizen should be able to speak in public. He need not be always spouting, but he ought to be able to give the reason of the faith that is in him with facility, fluency and good sense. Though some are favored with

an original oratorical genius, yet even these, and certainly all others, must come to good speaking by the road of training. It is better to prepare the line of thought, but not the language. Train yourselves to give new expression on occasion to the substance of knowledge already obtained. This is already the law of conversation. No one would think of writing out and committing to memory an expected conversation. Of course on great occasions a speech may be written and read or memorized. But there are a hundred times more occasions for offhand speeches than for great orations. A speech is often, to young beginners, like a new road, rough and jolting. But use makes the road smooth and the speech facile. A man that can talk fluently and well can speak fluently and well before an audience, if he will only practice enough. The best oratory is but hasty conversation on great themes. Wishing you a good time, I am cordially yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DANCING.

*“Henry L. O’Brien, Esq.*

“DEAR SIR—I never learned to dance and am too old to learn tricks of that kind, but if there are any younger feet which can beat up dollars with dancing for the orphans, I shall be glad to have some nimble dancer work out one ticket for me.

“Yours, in the bond of kindness to the poor,

“HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, January 19, 1886.

The following was written to Mr. Alva Pearsall, after a number of photographs of himself had been submitted :

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Alva Pearsall July 14 1884

Dear Sir -

One of the smaller  
photo. is coming in  
my wife's eyes -

The large ones are  
good - provides you  
find one of them for  
women & one for men,  
i.e. one of them as I ought  
to look, & the other as  
I do look - You 70 yrs  
old. Henry Ward Beecher

#### MR. BEECHER'S ADDRESS TO THE LONDON CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS.

On Tuesday, September 28, 1886, upon the occasion of Mr. Beecher's visit to England, the Board of London Congregational Ministers, with their wives or other lady friends and a few invited guests, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Beecher at a social meeting in the Memorial Hall. The *Christian World* of September 30 said :

Soon after 4 o'clock a goodly company had assem-

bled in the library, where tea and coffee were served. An hour having been occupied in conversazione fashion, an adjournment took place to the large hall above till the tables were cleared. The company, probably 400 or upward, then reformed in the library, and the meeting was constituted by the Rev. John Nunn, minister of Haverstock Hill Church, the year's chairman of the Board taking the president's seat and giving out a hymn, which was sung. The Rev. Josiah Viney, of Caterham, next led the meeting in prayer, and with so much appropriateness and feeling that every one present must at once have felt it to be a hallowed season.

After an opening address by the Rev. John Nunn, the Rev. Dr. Allen read an address of welcome to Mr. Beecher, at the conclusion of which Mr. Beecher made response as follows :

My life has been a long and public life already, and the experiences of that life in the wilderness, in populous cities, at home and abroad, have been many and critical and memorable ; but I must say that your presence to-night, your cordiality, your recognition and the words into which it has been poured, constitute by all odds the most memorable experience of my whole life. [Applause.] It is not a matter to-night, of vanity on my part. Not before the judgment seat shall I feel more solemn than I feel in the presence of so many men consecrated to the work of Christ and the salvation of men ; and your testimony that, through good report and bad report, under all pressures and difficulties, on the whole I have shown to you such Christian fidelity and such simple manliness, that testimony I shall leave as a legacy to my children. [Applause.] I dare not think of myself what you have been kind enough to express. I only know this—and I say it



as in the conscious presence of Christ, my Lord and my all—that by the grace given to me of my God and my mother I have endeavored during my long life most disinterestedly and most earnestly to do the things that I believed would please Christ in the salvation of men. I have had no ambitions, I have sought no laurels, I have deliberately rejected many things that would have been consonant to my taste. It would have been for me a great delight to be a scholar; I should have relished exceedingly to have perfected my thought in the study and to have given it such qualities as that it should stand as classics stand. But when the work was pressed upon me and my relations to my own country and to mankind became urgent, I remember, as if it were but yesterday, when I laid my literary ambition and my scholarly desires upon the altar and said, “If I can do more for my Master and for men by my style of thinking and working, I am willing to work in a second rate way; I am willing to leave writing behind my back. I am willing not to carve statues of beauty, but simply to do the things that would please God in the salvation of men. I have had every experience almost that is possible to men. I have been sick and I have been well, I have been liked and I have not been liked [laughter]—I have been in the wilderness among the poor and the emigrant, I have drifted into the cities where the great and refined are. I have known what poverty was and I have known what it was to have almost enough [Laughter.] But these things have all been incidental. And now to begin at the beginning, for this must be biographical, I dismiss my modesty and I go at myself now [Applause.] My mother, born in the Episcopal Church and a devout adherent to that form of faith and government, married my father. She was a sensible woman, evinced not only by that, but by the fact that she united herself to the Congregational Church in Litchfield, Conn., and she was a woman of extraordinary graces and gifts; a woman

not demonstrative with a profound philosophical nature and of wonderful depth of affection, but with a serenity that was simply charming. While my father was in the early religious experience under Calvinistic teaching, debating and swelling and floating here and there, and tormenting himself, she threw the oil of faith and trust on the waters and they were quieted, for she trusted in God. Now when I was born, I was the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh child—somewhere thereabouts. [Laughter.] There were six sons, I know in all, and not one of them escaped from the pulpit. My mother dedicated me to the work of the foreign missionary ; she laid her hands upon me, wept over me and set me apart to preach the Gospel among the heathen, and I have been doing it all my life long [much applause], for it so happens one does not need to go far from his own country to find his audience before him. From her I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament, which I beg you to take notice is culpable for a good deal of that heresy to which allusion has been made. [Laughter.] From her, also, I received simplicity and childlike faith in God. I went through all the colic and anguish of hyper-Calvinism while I was yet quite young. Happily my constitution was strong. [Laughter.] I regard the old hyper-Calvinistic system as the making of as strong men as ever met on the face of this earth ; but I think it kills 500 where it makes one. [Laughter.] This is a meeting of perfect frankness. [“Hear, hear.”] When I was a boy 8 years old and upward I knew as much about decrees, foreordination, election, reprobation, as you do now ; I used to be under the murky atmosphere, and I said to myself, “Oh, if I could only repent, then I should have a Saviour.” As years went on and I entered my collegiate course I remember with shame and mortification the experiences through which I went ; the pleading for mercy, the longings for some token of acceptance and the prayers that became ritualistic

from their repetition, that I might have that that was hanging over my head and waiting for me to take, and I did not know how—I did not know how. When at last it pleased God to reveal to me His infinite, universal love to mankind, and I beheld Him as a helper, as the soul's midwife, as the soul's physician, and I felt because I was weak I could come to Him; because I did not know how, and if I did know I had not the strength to do the things that were right—that was the invitation that He gave to me out of my conscious weakness and want. I will not repeat the scene of that morning when light broke fairly on my mind; how one might have thought that I was a lunatic escaped from confinement, how I ran up and down through the primeval forest of Ohio, shouting, "Glory, glory!" sometimes in loud tones and at other times whispered in an ecstasy of joy and surprises; all the old troubles gone, and, light breaking in on my mind, I cried, "I have found my God, I have found my God!" From that hour I consecrated myself to the work of the ministry. I had been studying theology. You would not suspect it, but I know a good deal of theology. [Laughter.] Well, I was called to work in Ohio and in Indiana, and very soon I found that my work was very largely a missionary work, for the States were then young—it was fifty years ago—and they were very largely peopled by emigrants, men that had come without fortune to make fortune. I went through the woods and through camp meetings and over prairies. Everywhere my vacations were all missionary tours, preaching Christ for the hope of salvation. I am not saying this to show you how I came to the knowledge of Christ, but to show you how I came to the habit and forms of my ministry. I tried everything on to folks. I had an active mind and did a good deal of reading and was brought up in the school of dispute where were my father, Dr. Tyler, Dr. Taylor and Dr. Porter and Dr. Woods and other men that have repented of their orthodoxy long ago

in heaven. [Laughter.] I mention this to show how it was that I took on the particular forms which have maintained themselves measurably through my life. There are a great many of you that think that I do not believe in theology. There was a sort of veiled allusion to that in the address—not very veiled methinks. [Laughter.] My ministry begun in the West, as I have said. I was fresh from the controversies of New England. I went to Cincinnati for the study of theology with Dr. Wilson, as stiff a man and as orthodox as Calvin himself and as pugnacious as ten Calvins rolled into one. He arraigned my father for heterodoxy; he had to go through the trial of the Presbytery, and the Synod of the General Assembly kicked it all out. You need not ask me whether I was disgusted or not, whether I saw all the wild work of warring, pestilent theology, and all that strife with acquiescence or with sympathy. Then in connection with that, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church broke in two; one-half was new school and the other half old school. The new school Presbyterianism in America means Calvinism leavened by New England thought; the old school means Calvinism with Scotch and Irish thought leavening, and the Middle States and the Western were largely populated by the schoolmasters and the preachers that came from Scotland and Ireland. I need not say that they brought their peculiarities with them. [Laughter.] Now seeing this fight, degenerating oftentimes into the most scandalous enmities, I turned away in absolute disgust from all these things and said: "My business shall be to save men, and to bring to bear upon them those views that are my comfort, that are the bread of life to me," and I went out among them almost entirely cut loose from the ordinary church institutions and agencies, knowing nothing but "Christ and Him crucified" the sufferer for mankind. Did not the men around me need such a Saviour? Was there ever such a field as I found? Every sympathy of

my being, was continually solicited for the ignorance, for the rudeness, for the aberrations, for the avarice, for the quarrelsomeness of the men among whom I was, and I was trying every form and presenting Christ as a medicine to men, and as I went on and more and more tried to preach Christ, the clouds broke away and I began to have a distinct system in my own mind. For I had been early in alliance with scientific pursuits. I had early been a phrenologist, and I am still—all that is left of it in me; and I had followed all the way up with a profound conviction that God had two revelations in this world, one of the book and the other of the rock, and I meant to read them both—the Old Testament and the New. And not to shut out the light I had to do this in such a sense as to be just to myself, though I knew it brought doubt and often suspicion upon me among my brethren; but I had not time to attend to that. (Laughter.) When they said to me, “You are not orthodox,” I replied: “Very well, be it so; I am out on another business;” I understand that call that has been sounding down through 2,000 years, and is sounding yet: “Follow me and I will make you fishers of men;” I dedicated myself not to be a fisher of ideas, nor of books, nor of sermons, but a fisher of men, and in this work I very soon came to the point in which I felt dissatisfied with the views of God that had been before given. I felt dissatisfied with that whole realm of theology, which I now call the machinery of religion, which has in it some truth, and I would it had more. (Laughter.) But I came to have this feeling that it stood in the way of sinful men. I found men in distress, in peril of soul, on account of views which I did not believe were true, or if true, not in any such proportion. If you want to know why I have been fierce against theology that is it; because I thought with Mary, and I said time and again. “They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have lain Him.” It seemed to me that men could

not believe in such a God as I heard preached about, that men could not believe such a schedule of truth as I had seen crystallized and promoted among men I do not care the turn of my hand about a man's philosophy; I do not care about one system or another; any system that will bring a man from darkness to faith and love I will tolerate; and any system that lets down the curtain between God and men, whether it is canonical priest or church service or church methods, whether it is the philosophical or theological—anything that blurs the presence of God, anything that makes the heavens black and the heart hopeless I will fight it to the death. [Loud applause.] Well, a little later on—this, perhaps, will cover the first twenty years of my ministry—before I found the water deep enough for me to swim in, I came insensibly into connection with public questions; I was sucked into the political controversies and the moral reformation of the age; and just at the time questions were coming up which involved every principle of rectitude, of morality, of humanity and of religion. My father was too old; the controversies came on when he was failing; he was cautious in his way; he was afraid that his son Henry would get himself into difficulties. But I took no counsel with men. When I came to Brooklyn some dear men, who are now at rest, said, with the best intention, "You have a blessed chance, and you can come to very good influence if you do not throw yourself away;" and they warned me not to preach on slavery and on some other topics that at that time were up in the public mind. I do not know what it is in me—whether it is my father or my mother, or both of them—but the moment you tell me that a thing that ought to be done is unpopular, I am right there every time. [Loud applause.] I fed on the privilege of making men hear things, because I was a public speaker. I gloried in my gifts not because they brought praise, but because they brought the other thing continually. But men would come and would hear, and I rejoiced in it,

and, as my Master knows, I laid all these tributes and all the victories that they brought at the feet of Him who is the liberator of the world. Jesus knows that for his sake I smote with the sword and with the spear, not because I loved controversy, but because I loved truth and humanity; and because I saw weak men flinch, and because I saw base men truckle and bargain, because I saw that the cause of Christ was likely to suffer. I fought, and I will fight to the end. [Loud applause.] With this brief analysis of the lines of development, allow me to say a word in regard more especially to my theological views. And first let me say that I think I am as orthodox a man as there is in this world. [Laughter.] Well, what are the test of orthodoxy? Man universally is a sinner; man universally needs to be born again; there is in the nature of God that power and influence that can convert a man and redeem him from his animal life; and it is possible for man so to bring to bear this divine influence in the ministration of the Gospel as that man shall be awakened and convicted and converted and built up in the faith of Jesus Christ. There is my orthodoxy. [Applause.] But how about the Trinity? I do not understand it, but I accept it. If anybody else understands it I have not met him yet; but it seems that it is the easiest way of rendering the different testimonies of words of truth in the New Testament, neither do I see any philosophical objection to it at all, and I accept it without questioning. What about original sin? There has been so much actual transgression that I have not had time to go back on to that. [Much laughter.] On what grounds may a man hope? On the atonement of Christ? Yes, if you want to interpose that word, atonement, on that ground, unquestionably, I am accustomed to say Christ saves men. But how? That is His lookout, not mine. [Applause.] I think that because the nature of God is sanative. God is love. "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts

to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good gifts to them which ask him?" If you choose to fix it in this way, and say that Christ saw it possible to do so and thus and so and thus, and that was the atonement He made, and if you take any comfort in it I shall not quarrel with you. But it is enough for me to know this, that Jesus Christ, God in the flesh, has proclaimed, to whomsoever will, health, life, new life—"born again:" He has offered these, and therefore I no more want to question how He does it than a sick man questions the doctor before he takes a pill. If he says, "Doctor, what is in it?" the doctor says, "Take it and you will find out what is in it." If men think I am heterodox because I do not believe this, that and the other explanation of the atonement of Jesus Christ, it is enough for me to say I believe in Christ and I believe Christ is atonement. Now, if you ask me whether I believe in the divinity of Christ, I do not believe in anything else. Let a man stand and look at the sun, then ask him what he sees beside. Nothing; it blinds him. There is nothing else to me when I am thinking of God: it fills the whole sphere, the heaven of heavens and the whole earth and all time; and out of that boundlessness of love and that infiniteness of divine faculty and capacity it seems to me that He is, to my thought, what Summer is when I see it marching on after the cold Winter is over. I know where the light comes from and where the warmth comes from. When I see anything going on for good and for the staying of evil I know it is the Sun of Righteousness and the name to me is Jesus—every time Jesus. For Him I live, for Him I love, for Him I labor, for Him I rejoice in my remaining strength, for Him I thank God that I have yet so much in me that can spend and be spent for the only one great cause which should lift itself above every other cause in this whole world. [Applause.] To preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, to have Christ so melted and dissolved in you that when you preach



your own self you preach him as Paul did, to have every part of you living and luminous with Christ, and then to make use of everything that is in you, your analogical reasoning, your logical reasoning, your imagination, your mirthfulness, your humor, your indignation, your wrath, to take everything that is in you all steeped in Jesus Christ, and to throw yourself with all your power upon a congregation—that has been my theory of preaching the gospel. A good many folks have laughed at the idea of my being a fit preacher because I laughed, and because I made somebody else laugh. I never went out of my way to do it in my life, but if some sudden turn of a sentence, like the crack of a whip, sets men off, I do not think any worse of it for that—not a bit. I have felt that man should consecrate every gift that he has got in him that has any relation to the persuasion of men, and to the melting of men—that he should put them all on the altar, kindle them all, and let them burn for Christ's sake. [Applause.] I have never sought singularity, and I have never avoided singularity. When they wanted some other sort of teaching I have always said, "Get it. If you want my kind, here I am ready to serve you; if you do not, serve yourself better." Now there is one more thing that I want to say something about, aside from these central influential fountain doctrines—that is, church economy, ordination and ordinance. I regard it as true that there is laid down in the New Testament no form of church government whatever nor of church ordinance—none. I hold that in the earliest age, while the apostles were alive, they substantially conformed; they borrowed and brought into service the synagogical worship and used that; the idea of another church had not come into their minds. You recollect that when Paul went to Jerusalem, after he had been preaching for twenty years, James took him aside and said: "What is this we hear? The brethren hear that you have abandoned Moses and that you

do not believe in him. I will tell you what to do," says James the Venerable, "there are going to be some men clear themselves of their views in the assembly to-day, do you go up and clear yourself, that the brethren may know that these things that they have heard are not true." Paul had been preaching for twenty years that Christ was the only hope and foundation, and that Moses was a mere shadow, and a forerunner and preparation for Christ. He went into the temple: but do you suppose he had a church catechism and all his foundations laid? He would have lied if he had spoken in that way at that time. Paul did not see the outlines of the church, they grew, they developed out of the nature of things. And so I say in regard to all church worship, that is the best form of church economy that in the long run helps men to be the best Christians. [Applause.] In regard to ordinance I stand very nearly where the Quakers do, except this: They think that because they are not divinely commanded they are not necessary. I think they are most useful. Common schools are not divinely ordered, Sunday schools are not divinely ordered; but would you dispense with them? Is there no law and reason, except that of the letter? Whatever thing is found when applied to human nature to do good, that is God's ordinance. [Applause.] If there are any men that worship God through the Roman Catholic Church—and there are—I say this in regard to them: "I cannot, but you can; God bless you!" In that great venerable Church there is Gospel enough to save any man; no man need perish for want of light and truth in that system; and yet what an economy it is, what an organization, what burdens, and how many lurking mischiefs that temptation will bring out! I could never be a Roman Catholic, but I could be a Christian in a Roman Catholic Church; I could serve God there. I believe in the Episcopacy—for those that want it. [Laughter.] Let my tongue forget its cunning if ever I speak a word adverse to

that church that brooded my mother, and now broods some of the nearest blood kindred I have on earth. It is a man's own fault if he do not find salvation in the teachings and worship of the great Episcopal body of the world. Well, I can find no charm in the Presbyterian government. I was for ten years a member of the Presbyterian Church, for I swore to the Confession of Faith; but at that time my beard had not grown. [Laughter.] The rest of the Book of Worship has great wisdom in it, and rather than not have any brotherhood I would be a Presbyterian again if they would not oblige me to swear to the Confession of Faith. On the other hand, my birthright is in the Congregational Church. I was born in it; it exactly agreed with my temperament and with my ideas; and it does yet, for although it is in many respects slow molded, although in many respects it has not the fascinations in its worship that belong to the high ecclesiastical organizations, though it makes less for the eye and less for the ear, and more for the reason and the emotions, though it has therefore slender advantages, it has this: that it does not take men because they are weak and crutch them up upon its worship, and then just leave them as weak after forty years as they were when it found them. A part of its very idea is so to meet the weakness of men as that they shall grow stronger; to preach the truth and then wait till they are able to seize that truth and live by it. It works slowly, but I tell you that when it has finished its work it makes men in the community; and I speak both of the Congregationalists that are called Baptists and those that are called Congregationalists; they are one and the same and ought to be hand in hand with each other in perfect sympathy. Under my platform in Brooklyn I have a baptistry, and if anybody's son or daughter brought up in Baptist ideas wants to be immersed you won't catch me reasoning with them; I baptize them. So it is that I immerse, I sprinkle, and I have in some instances poured, and I never saw there was any

difference in the Christianity that was made. [Laughter.] They have all, for that matter, come out so that I should not know which was immersed or which was sprinkled. I believe there ought to be more unity among Congregationalists of every kind. What then? Would you merge our conscientious views of immersion? No, I would not emerge them. Why cannot you immerse and then let it alone? Why cannot you let us sprinkle and let us alone? The unity of Christians does not depend upon similarity of ordinance and methods of worship. It is a heart business. I do not believe the millenium will see one sect, one denomination, any more than the perfection of civilization will see only one great phalanstery, one family. The man on this side of the street keeps house in one way and the man over on the other side keeps house in another. They do not quarrel; each lets the other alone. So I hold about churches. The unity of the church is to be the unity of the hearts of men—spiritual unity in the love of Christ and in the love of each other. Do not, then, meddle with the details of the way in which different persons choose to conduct their service. Let them alone; behave at least as decently in the Church of Christ as you would do in your neighborhood and in each other's families. I do not know why they should not concurrently work in all the great causes of God among mankind. I am not, therefore, to teach Congregationalism, I am not to teach the Baptist doctrine, I am not to teach Presbyterianism; I am to teach, "Oh, ye that are lost by reason of your sins, Jesus Christ has found a ransom for you; come, come, and ye shall live." That is my message and in that I have enthusiasm. It is not to build up one church, or another church, or to cry down one church or another. Brethren, we have been trying conscience for a great while; what have we got by it? About one hundred and fifty denominations. There is nothing so unmanageable as a conceited conscience. [Laughter.] Now, suppose we should

try another thing ; suppose we should try love a little while ; suppose we should try sympathy, trust, fellowship, brotherhood, without inquisitorial power ; suppose we should let men's theologies take care of themselves, and bring this test to bear upon them—what is the fruit of their personal living, and what is the fruit of their personal teaching ? “ By their fruit shall ye know them ” did not exhaust itself in personal thought alone. It is a good test for denominationalism, and whenever I find a denomination that puts emphasis upon holiness, where there is no envy, nor detraction, nor backbiting, nor suspicion, nor holding each man to philosophical schedules ; when I find a denomination in which they are full of love and gentleness and kindness, I am going to join that denomination. But I do not expect to change for some time. [Much laughter.] God forbid that I should set myself forth for that which I am not—the founder of a sect, I think anybody would find a good deal of trouble to get together enough of definite material that is consecutive and logical to make a sect out of my sermons. That is not what I have been after ; it is not what I am going to try for to the end of my life. My work before me is just what my work has been hitherto—the preaching of such aspects and attributes of God as shall win men to love and to trust and to obedience. My life is for the most part spent. I am warned every year, not by any apparent decadence of health, but by counting ; I know that it cannot be for me to be active for many more years ; but so long as life remains and strength, so long as men want my ministration, I shall minister in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to the wants and the souls of my fellow men. And as my years grow more I want to bear a testimony. I suppose I have had as many opportunities as any man here, or any living man, of what are called honors and influence and wealth. The doors have been opened, the golden doors, for years. I want to bear witness that the humblest labor which a minister

of God can do for a soul for Christ's sake is grander and nobler than all learning, than all influence and power than all riches. And knowing so much as I do of society, I have this declaration to make—that if I were called to live my life over again and I were to have a chance of the vocations which men seek, I would again choose, and with an impetus arising from the experience of this long life, the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for honor, for cleanliness for work that never ends, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come—I would choose the preaching of the Gospel—to them that perish, foolishness, to them that believe and accept it, life everlasting. Brethren I want to pray with you; will you let me join with you in prayer?

#### THE PRAYER.

Dear Lord, Thou hast been very gracious to us, and through many years Thou hast brought us at last to these later days. Thou hast brought us to-day with these, Thy beloved servants, to speak of the things that pertain to Thee and Thy kingdom. We thank Thee for their good and kind thoughts of us; we thank Thee for their confidence and their trust. But O, Lord Jesus Christ, what are we compared with Thee? Thy name is the one name, Thy service is the one service. Oh, Spirit of Love, fill us with Thine own presence: forgive our weakness; forgive our lives, that have been so imperfect that we have not known how to preach as well as we should; forgive us that we have cultivated the deeper emotions of the soul so little or so imperfectly as that they do not come forth as the very sound of the Gospel itself. But Thou hast forgiven it again and art always forgiving. We are poor, we are sinful, we are staggering under imperfections; we know that ourselves, but every day we lay our head upon Thy bosom. O, Jesus, there is nothing but Thee, Thou art our hope, our love. Thy patience is the author of all our patience. Thy power is the author of all our power; and now to-day we bring

all that is good in us and say, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name." Dear Lord, pour Thyself out upon Thy servants here, and upon Thy handmaidens, and grant that the homes of these Thy servants may be as the very temples of God. Purge away all their ambition if this be their weakness; purge away all their combativeness if this has been the thing with which they have striven. Envyings and jealousies—O Lord, we would not have Thee served by such imperfect things. Give to Thy servants something of the clarity of vision, something of the purity and sweetness of Thine own nature, and may they feel more and more that it is an honor to be permitted to preach Christ at all. And if there are any that are in trials, any that are pinched in means, if there be any that feel their feebleness, that they are overshadowed by men round about them, O Lord, give them the heroic spirit that they may be willing to bear contumely, that they may be able to say with Thy servant of old, "I rejoice in my necessities." Give to them a nearer view of heaven. How soon our life flies away. How near we are to the great land. Our fathers are there, our mothers, our children are there: but thou chiefly Jesus. We are coming, and are glad as the years go by. We would not die, and yet we are in a strait often betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Jesus, though it be perhaps needful for Thy work and Thy cause that we abide yet longer. Now let Thy Spirit be poured in pentacostal measure upon Thy dear servants. Cleanse them from their sins; purify them inwardly and outwardly. Give them great fruit of their labor. May they never be discouraged, and may they be a voice everywhere saying to men, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and may they walk in it themselves. Now to the God of our father, our mother, and the God of our little children. O thou God that art our God, we praise Thee, we love Thee, we long for Thee. When shall we appear in Zion before God? When we come, then

we will cry with all Thy servants, "Glory be to Him who shed His blood for us, and by whom we have been cleansed." And forever and forever we will praise the Father, the Son and the Spirit. Amen.

A vote of thanks having been moved, speeches were made by the Rev. Professor Redford and the Rev. J. G. Rogers, and the motion was carried by acclamation.

Mr. Beecher, in responding, said: You have made me very happy, and yet your praise and sympathy lie like a cloud upon me. I wish I were all that you think I am, and I wish I were what I have in my mind all the time and try to be. But I am not to be tried before the bar of man; I am what I am by the grace of God, and I am evermore with Jesus in my thought by day and by night. I love my own and I love where I love very deeply, but God knows that I love Jesus Christ above all words and all thoughts and all other feelings. And yet I thank you for your cordiality. I shall bear it home, not to repeat it again unless it be to my children. They have an interest in me that not even my church has, and to them I shall rehearse your great goodness. [Applause.]

The chairman closed the proceedings by pronouncing the benediction.



## MR. BEECHER'S LIBRARY.

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AN ACCOUNT OF IT BY THE REV. DR. GUNNISON.

[FROM THE BROOKLYN EAGLE, JUNE 1, 1884.]

There is always a large popular interest in the places associated with men of eminence. The lake country of England owes its hold on cultivated minds quite as much to the writers who have lived upon its hillsides and in its valleys as to the grace of its pleasant waters and the surprises of its winding roads. The books of Walter Scott raised the price of every farm in Scotland; Ayr and Dumfries, because associated with Burns, have been changed into places of pilgrimage, and any spot over which a poet has travelled, touching it with his magic wand, is a place dear to the hearts of men. The charm of England is largely this of association. Men have here lived and wrought; the fields are historic, poetry, legend, romance have woven over them their transforming glamour, and men love them quite as much for this subtle element that memory and imagination add to them as for their intrinsic charms. Scott's library at Abbotsford is the Mecca of cultivated people. These were the shelves on which his own hands placed these books. Over these pages his own eyes had looked, this is the chair in which he sat, this is the place where he created those masterpieces of his genius. The workshop of the rudest artisan reveals the character of its master; the workman is known by his tools and on the higher levels of intellectual creation the development, tastes and

character of a literary man can be found by examining the strata of his library. Maurice has a most fascinating work on "The Friendship of Books," and the relation of the intellectual workman is unlike that of other men for their tools, in that it has in it the element of personal friendship. The old writer only asked when he came to die that he should await his burial in his study among his books. Raphael, when the spirit had fled, was laid in his studio before his great unfinished picture and in the same way the inanimate books upon the shelves of a preacher or a writer's study catch a sense of a human feeling by contact with human kind, so that from them we can note the character and even the moods of the master who toils among them.

Mr. Beecher early in his career confronted the question whether he could cultivate a mere literary fastidiousness, surrender himself to the delights of a literary career, and so leave behind works that should stand the wear and tear of time, or should secure present influence at the risk perhaps of ultimate decadence of his literary fame. Born as he was, in an age when great reforms clamored for advocates, it could not be possible that a man of his intense sympathy for humanity could be content with a more intellectual dilettantism; the work of to-day was enough and he cared little for posthumous fame. Still the homage of an intensely active intellect has never ceased to crave food, and the books have chased each other into his house, until in the old home from which he only recently went out, they overflowed room after room, taking possession of diningroom and bedroom, attic and

closet. I had the pleasure not long before the breaking up of Mr. Beecher's old home of examining, under the genial guidance of its owner, the library of the famous preacher, and of gathering from his own lips many facts concerning his literary habits. His library comprises perhaps 6,000 volumes. It is miscellaneous in character and without special precision of arrangement. It lacks the completeness of a collection, but covers with reasonable fullness almost every department of thought. The religious department, of course, predominates, the varied phases of modern religious thought being especially full. Physiological books are numerous, while law, science, philosophy, history, political economy are represented largely upon the shelves. The intellectual hospitality of Mr. Beecher's mind is seen in the fact that on controverted topics both sides are almost equally well represented. One looks in vain to find in the tell tale books the evidence of partisanship on the part of their owner. English literature is largely represented, each period of literary development having its master-pieces, while the curiosities of literature, old ballads, myths, legends, folk lore, poetry, the old moralists, humorists, quaint writers, all are here in this cosmopolitan collection.

The intense love of Mr. Beecher for living things, animals, plants, fishes and especially birds, would be noticed by the casual visitor, even if he was without previous knowledge of his tastes in these directions. "Everything that has life," he quaintly remarked, "is related to me. I am its Dutch uncle."

The books on fishes and birds were everywhere; crowded in among the mustiest folios of the fathers

were books curiously illuminated describing the habits of the birds, while the flowers and ferns, trees and fruit kept company with the dreariest quartos and the moth eaten relics of mediæval days. It is well known that in the earlier years of Mr. Beecher's ministry he was an enthusiast in botanical studies, doing some of his earliest writing on the subject of floral culture. His love of flowers is proverbial, and it will be interesting to know from the evidence given by his books that the love of his youth had not passed away, for side by side with the old floral books of his earlier life are the recent publications of the press telling the story of the flowers.

The library is especially rich in the literature of art, and the number of illustrated books is very large. Choice editions of Hogarth's works, the very rare "Holy Land," by Roberts, the plates of which by special contract, were destroyed after the limited edition had been printed; "Musée Française," Foster's "British Gallery," a large folio copy of Lodge's "Portraits," very many sumptuous works on uncut India paper, with artists' proofs, superb work on foreign cathedrals and "Galerie de Florence," the Beauties of the Court of Charles II," Mrs. Jameson's larger works, Ruskin's works, bought as they were issued; and since become very valuable; Britton's "Cathedral Antiquities," the "National Portrait Gallery," Dugdale's "Monasticon," whose possession Mr. Beecher said made him feel so proud he couldn't speak to an old acquaintance for a week; Alderman Boydell's great book on the character of Shakespeare, published in 1795, illustrated by Kirke, William Hamilton, Smirk and other great artists.

These are samples of the very large number of works of a similar class. All the great standard histories of the life of Christ are in the collection, French, German and English, monographs in every tongue, periods, phases of His life, anything and everything that could help solve the mystery of the Lord's life had an honored place. The favorite divines of the great preacher, South, Berkeley, Barrows, Butler and others, are in silent fellowship with the poets most esteemed. The great preacher called our attention to a well worn compilation of the early English poets, Drummond, Giles, Fletcher, and Daniell, which seemed to have been his life companion. Turning to Daniell's poem, "To Lady Margaret," he read it aloud with incomparable elocutionary skill, bringing out with delicate modulation its finer poetic and literary grace. In looking over the library of Mr. Beecher one could easily imagine that he had determined, like Bacon, to "take all knowledge for his province." A young lawyer could from his shelves select a law library of reasonable completeness; the young medical graduate would feel rich with the professional outfit he might obtain and the student in science, philosophy, natural history, botany, fishes, birds and insects would revel here. The key to the vast fund of illustration possessed by Mr. Beecher is found by even a cursory glance at this strangely diversified collection. His intense sympathy with every form of life, his quick, almost poetic, appreciation of the beauty of the outward world, his intuitive sense of humor have found nutriment in these books, with which he has been in lifelong communion. He candidly confesses his indebtedness to Crabbe for his anatomical, and to Ruskin for his poetic observation of nature. Mr. Beecher has never been in any sense a collector. Though a man of hobbies he has rarely had any of the bibliographical crazes that have unsettled so many men of literary promise. Perhaps the nearest he has ever come to the dangerous amusement of collecting has been in the direction

of art. The old house was heavily freighted with the fruit of his art saunterings. Walls, drawers, cases, portfolios were loaded with copies of the great works of European galleries, original paintings, engravings, etchings of rare skill and beauty, though not in many cases of great cost. The veteran preacher is a connoisseur of no mean skill. His crude taste in the earlier years of his ministry in Brooklyn was trained greatly by the influence of one Emile Seitz, a dealer in New York, whose friendly offices as instructor he gratefully remembers. It was his custom to visit the store of this man, where he always received cordial welcome, his growing taste being aided much by the genial merchant's suggestive criticisms.

Like all great workers Mr. Beecher has found recreation in studies outside his regular and perhaps legitimate field. At the beginning of his ministry in Indiana, as already intimated, his passion was horticulture, and he found rest and refreshment in his studies of flowers and fruit, his earliest work as an editor being done for the columns of a horticultural paper. Another singular fact which has been but seldom noticed by the press is his peculiar love of gems. He delights in finely polished stones, finding rest, when weary, in looking at these things. During his memorable war addresses in England, when beset on every side, with every faculty strained to its utmost tension, he found peculiar restfulness in two rich opals, which had been loaned him for the purpose of making a selection by a Glasgow jeweler. In the days of his more active ministry he used to have a little box filled with unmounted brilliants of every kind, and when at his work he felt the need of some calming influence he was wont to spread his treasures before him, and in their eternal fires find calm and rest. He used laughingly to deride this strange love as a peculiar and senseless whim, but it is not difficult to trace its origin to his peculiarly sensitive love of beauty, which finds satisfaction in that which of all

things beautiful has most of beauty. Among other singular hobbies is a love of rugs. The old house used to be filled with them—of every nationality, hue and fabric, covering rooms and halls, matching ill or well the other colors as chance might be, but giving an air of most leisurely abandon and cozy comfort. Few people suspect that the great preacher is an expert in soaps, but such is the case, and the scent of the soap boiler's kettle is as the odors of Araby to him. Toilet articles, the mysteries of the perfumer's distillations, all to him are as an open book, and the literature of the toilet, ancient and modern, is as familiar, and probably quite as interesting to him, as the decisions of the Council of Trent or somnolent platitudes of the gnostic heresies. A case of pottery gives even now significant hint that ceramics may yet be the coming bee in the parson's bonnet. Unlike most men, Mr. Beecher rarely outgrows his old loves. The new hobby is added to the others, but it does not displace them; as he quaintly puts it, "his recreations are like an irrigating stream, to be cut off in one direction, for a time, that it may be turned on in another."

The consideration of Mr. Beecher's literary workshop makes appropriate a word or two as to the methods of the worker. In a large sense he is a law unto himself, and his method is strangely methodless. "It would," he says, "ruin any other man, and, if what the newspapers say is true it has ruined me." When engaged in more careful editorial work or the task of authorship, he reads exhaustively, yet makes but few notes, filling himself full and then when the mood comes writing with tremendous speed. His creative energy works pictorially. Even an argument lies in his mind as a picture. As illustrative, he instanced the Sea of Galilee in his "Life of Christ." He wishes at some time in the progress of his work to describe it. Slowly and carefully he studies its topography and all the elements which enter into an accurate repre-

sentation, works his way along its shores and over the adjacent hills, goes down the valley of the Jordan and studies the topography of the Dead Sea and then begins to make the picture in his mind adding here a color, changing there a line, until slowly the whole scene in all its varied colors, paints itself in the vividness of life upon his mind. Thus, when in the progress of his work, he comes to this, he has but to throw the picture upon the page, as the exhibitor takes the picture he desires from the box, puts it before his lantern and throws its every line upon the screen.

As an author, Mr. Beecher may by the number of his works published, justly rank among the most prolific writers. He is the literary father of thirty-five volumes, and if the writings published without his sanction should be added to the list, the number would increase to over fifty. The stress of his times, his intense sympathy with the living questions of the hour, have been perhaps, an inevitable hindrance to literary finish and completeness. His work has been largely fragmentary, yet he cherishes the hope, not without reason, that some of his sermons which have touched the unchanging spiritual needs of men, may have a permanence beyond his own personal life and fame. He feels that he has taught the young clergy to find God not alone in the Record, but in the contemporaneous history of to-day, and that somewhat through his work the imminent presence of the living God may be seen and felt. The variety of his writings, his mental vigor and originality, his unquestioned spiritual vision, together with his complete command of all the resources of the English language, cannot fail to give him a lasting place among the formost literary workers of this period of American history.



# GEMS FROM BEECHER.

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## LIFE A TRADE.

**L**IFE is a trade, to be learned; a profession, to be gained by education; an art, requiring long drill.

This world is but a primary school; we are learning elements here; and if any man is equal to the emergencies of life under all circumstances, he is out of his sphere.

This is a world where men are *coming* to themselves and not where they have *come* to themselves.

God did not make men perfect. He made them pilgrims after perfection.

## ON CONSCIENCE.

**B**UT the cultivation of conscience is an art. Conscience is a thing that is learned. No man has much more conscience than he is trained to. So the minister has his conscience; it is according to the training that he has had; and it is thought to be fair for him to hunt a brother minister for heresy, though it would not be fair for him to hunt him for anything else. A lawyer has his conscience. It is sometimes very high, and sometimes it is very low. As an average, it is very good. The doctor has his conscience, and his patients have theirs. Everybody has his conscience, and everybody's conscience acts according

to certain lines to which he has been drilled and trained. Right and wrong are to the great mass of men as letters and words. We learn how to spell, and if a man spells wrong, and was taught in that way, nevertheless, it is his way of spelling. And so it is with men's consciences. Now, I aver that mere legislative conscience is genius. Not one man in a million has a sense of what is right and wrong except as the result of education and experience. No man in complex circumstances has a conception of justice and rectitude by a legislative conscience. The great mass of men—teachers and the taught—are obliged to depend upon the revelations of experience to enable them to determine what is right and wrong. They have to set their consciences by the rule of the experiences which they have gone through.

### BENEVOLENCE.

**B**ENEVOLENCE has a speaking acquaintance with almost all men's faculties, and that is all. It is intimate and visits in only one or two places in the minds of men.

### GOD RAINS NOT BY THE PINT.

**I** THANK God when I see virtue and true piety existing outside of the church, as well as when I see it existing inside of the church. I recognize the hand of God as being as bountiful, and I recognize His administration as being as broad as are the rains or as is the sunshine. God does not send just as much sunshine as we want for our corn and rye and wheat. It shines on stones and sticks and worms and bugs. It pours its light and heat down upon the mountains and rocks and everywhere. God rains not by the pint nor by the quart, but by the continent. Whether things need it or not, He needs to pour out His bounty, that He may relieve Himself of His infinite fullness.

## THE COLORED RACE.

**I** AM bound to say that the black man has proved himself worthy of the trust confided to him. Before emancipation the black man was the most docile laborer that ever the world saw. During the war and when he knew that liberty was the gage, when he knew that the battle was whether he should or should not be free, although the country for hundreds of miles was stripped bare of able-bodied white men, and when property was at the mercy of the slave, arson or rapine or conspiracy was saved to the country, and no uprising took place. They stood still, conscious of their power, and said: "We will see what God will do for us." Such a history has no parallel. And since they began to vote, after their emancipation, I beg to say that they have voted just as wisely and patriotically as did their late masters before emancipation.

## AMERICAN STOCK.

**T**HE best blood of all nations will ultimate by and by in a better race than the primitive and the uncomplex race, mixing new strength and alliances. We have fortified our blood, enriched our blood; we have called the world to be our father and the father of our children and posterity, and there never was a time in the history of this nation when the race stock had in it so much that was worth the study of the physiologist and philanthropist as to-day. We are enriched beyond the power of gratitude. I for one regard all the inconveniences of foreign mixtures, of difference of language, the difference of customs, the difference of religion, the difference in domestic arrangement—I regard all these inconveniences as a trifle; but the augmentation of power, of breadth of manhood, the promise of the future is past all computation, and there never was, there never began to be in the early day such promise for

physical vigor and enriched life as there is to-day upon this continent.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

**G**OD has placed in woman's hand the rudder of time, for if Eve plucked the apple that Adam might help her to eat it, she has been beforehand with him ever since and steered him. The household that has a bad woman may have an angel for a husband, but he is helpless. The household that has a brute for a husband is safe if the woman be God's own woman. Franklin said that a man is what his wife will let him be. It is more than a proverb, that the children are what the mother makes them. She is the legislator of the household; she is the judge that sits upon the throne of love. All severity comes from love in a mother's hand; she is the educator; she also is the atonement when sins and transgressions have brought children to shame.

## FRETTING.

**F**RETTING is a perpetual confession of weakness. It says, "I want to, and can't." Fretting is like a little dog pawing and whining at a door, because he can't get in.

## VALUE OF WORK.

**O**CCUPATION will go far toward the restraint and cure of all gross and animal lusts. When the salacious devil enters a man, let him put spurs to his industry and work for his life; make the devil pant to keep up with you, and you will run him off his feet, and he will be glad enough to let you alone. Simple food, hard and tiresome work, absorbing occupation and plenty of cold bathing—that will withstand and control a vast amount of evil inclination. Man is to study for these things, and then when you have used

all these means, you may pray. But to set yourself to pray, and then go and gorge yourself with stimulating foods and drinks, and not in any way to avail yourself of the proper means, is to mock God and cheat your own soul. Take care of yourself first, and then pray afterward.

### HE KEPT SUNDAY.

**T**HERE is a man who goes to the judgment, and claims to have been a man of unexceptionable piety. He bears witness that he never violated the sabbath day; that he never spoke loud or laughed on Sunday; that he never did any secular work on Sunday; that he never blacked his boots, or shaved or cooked on Sunday; that he never rode in the cars or on the boats on Sunday. He was always very scrupulous about what he did on Sunday. On any other day he would not hesitate to take advantage of his fellow-men; he would not hesitate to gouge the poor woman that put his carpet down; he would not hesitate to cheat his customers; but, then, he kept Sunday.

### DREAMERS.

**T**HERE are men who live in their imagination. They dream all their life long. On a special impulse they open their eyes, and see things as they are; but the moment the hard, practical necessity which disturbs them has given way, and they are at liberty to do what they love to do best, back they sink into day dreams, and dream up, and down, and out both ways!

### THE GOLD OF PERFORMANCE.

**M**EN do not take a bank-bill simply because it is a bank-bill. They see whether it is a genuine bill, and whether the bank it is on is able to pay; and if it is a good bill, and on a good

bank, they take it on account of the gold there is behind it. And so with professors of religion. When a man knows there is a great deal of bogus religion, he scrutinizes professors to know whether they are counterfeit. He wants to know whether there is the gold of performance behind them.

### A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

**I**F I were to see a son whose mother's memory was, in his presence, treated with foul scorn and slander, that felt no quickening of his pulse, and that felt no up-rising of soul-indignation, I should almost believe that the mother was all that the slanderer had represented her to be, and that this was the bastard offspring.

### POLITENESS.

**T**RUE politeness can rest only in a kind disposition; though its signs and names may be counterfeited, yet they are never so good as those that are uncounterfeited. The man who is only selfish and indifferent at heart can not be a gentleman. As to those gentlemanly bears that infest society, those bipedal brutes that walk about flinging their unsavory manners in our midst, they are beneath our notice.

### DEATH SWEET AS FLOWERS.

**D**EATH is as sweet as flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-singing in spring. I never hear of the death of any one who is ready to die, that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those that are left behind, but not for those who have gone before.

As I grow older and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and out of every longing I hear God say: "O, trusting hungry one, come to me." What the other life will

bring I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness and see Him as He is.

Beat on, then, O heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest, but when I behold thee, O God, I shall be satisfied.

## THE BEAUTY OF CHEERFULNESS

**D**ON'T mope. Be young as long as you live. Laugh a good deal. Frolic every day. A low tone of mind is unhealthy. A lawyer who works ten months in the year and then for two solid months amuses himself, will last twice as long as if he took no recreation. Humor usually tends towards good nature, and everything that tends towards good nature tends towards good grace.

Men have come to think that tears are more sacred than smiles. No! Laughing is as divine as crying. If laughing's a sin, I don't see what the Lord let's so many funny things happen for. Having wit and buoyancy of spirits, let them flash out in services of religion. Don't consider it necessary to rake them up and hide them.

Humor is the atmosphere in which grace most flourishes.

## A TYPE OF THOUSANDS.

**T**HERE was a man, in the town where I was born, who used to steal all his fire-wood. He would get up on cold nights, and go and take it from his neighbors' wood piles. A computation was made, and it was ascertained that he spent more time, and worked harder, to get his fuel, than he would have been obliged to if he had earned it in an honest way, and at ordinary wages. And this thief was a type of thousands of men who work a great deal harder

to please the devil than they would have to work to please God.

### RICH BY HONEST INDUSTRY.

**I** LIKE to see a hard working honest man, especially if he has had some dirty calling—a butcher, a tallow chandler, or a dealer in fish oil: I like to see such a man, when by dint of honest industry he gets rich, build him a house in the best neighborhood in the place, and build it so that everybody says, “O, what a fine house; it is better taste than we expected.” That does me good, makes me fat to the very marrow.

### PROFANITY AMONG WOMEN.

**I** WAS going to speak of swearing among women. The only reason why I will not is that I do not wish the young people to know that such a thing ever took place. I have written something upon this subject, which I shall withhold, but I will show it to those who wish to see it if they will call upon me.

### LIVING PEACEABLY.

**WE** have no right to be a cause of disturbance by living in that part of our nature which tends to interfere with the happiness or welfare of our fellow-men. No man has a right in any way to annoy others. No man has a right to thrust himself or his affairs forward in such a way that men are compelled to consider him.

### SHOWER-BATH OF GOLD.

**T**HERE is a vague impression in the minds of men who long for property, that it may reward some rare stroke of skill, that it may turn up at one single more spadeful, just as, deluded treasure-seekers, dig-



ging at midnight under a glimmering lantern, expect that each next spade-thrust will strike upon an iron chest or crash into an earthen pot full of coin. These men think there is such a thing as dexterity of management, by which wealth may be suddenly obtained, and they think that a hit in the nick of time will bring down a whole shower-bath of gold.

## ABUNDANCE NOT HAPPINESS.

**A** MAN may be a millionaire, and yet be so miserable as to groan all day and curse all night. A man may have all the outside things which the world affords, and yet not be a happy man. One man may have a chest full of excellent tools, and be a bungling workman; while another man may have nothing but a jack-knife, and be a skillful workman.

## SECTARIAN SABBATHS.

**T**HE Sabbath is not that conventional, sectarian Sunday which makes a man sigh when he wakes up, and say, "Oh, it is Sunday morning!" and the pleasantest feature of which is the going down of the sun.

## IMPURE BOOKS.

**B**OOKS that poison the imagination and unsettle the moral principles of men are multitudinous, and forever multiplying; subterranean libraries hawked in secret, sold from under the skirts, clandestinely read; books that, like vermin, hide from sight by day in cracks and crevices, and creep out in darkness and at night to suck the very blood of virtue. And this is a business; to write them, to print them, to bind them, to sell them and to hawk and dispense them. There are whole classes of men, and of women—God have mercy on the world!

## WOMEN WILL VOTE.

**WE** permit the lame, the halt, and the blind to go to the ballot-box; we permit the foreigner and the black man, the slave and the freeman to partake of the suffrage; there is but one thing left out, and that is the mother that taught us, and the wife that is thought worthy to walk side by side with us. It is woman that is put lower than the slave, lower than the ignorant foreigner. She is put among the paupers whom the law won't allow to vote, among the insane whom the law won't allow to vote. But the days are numbered in which this can take place, and she too will vote. As in a hundred years suffrage has extended its bonds until it now includes the whole population, in another hundred years everything will vote, unless it be the power of the loom, and locomotive, and watch, and I sometimes think, looking at these machines and their performances, that they too ought to vote.

## DON'T SWEAR.

**A** MAN who swears, first damages his own moral sense, then misleads those about him, and then is guilty of cruel impoliteness to those to whom God's name is sweet and sacred.

## STEALING.

**M**ANY a man will steal or *embezzle*, for years, and never once call it by the right name—never! If he happen to say to himself “I am a thief,” he will spring back as if God has spoken to him; it is like poison to him. “Thief!” I don't believe you could make many men steal in that way; but *financiering* is a very different thing. Call it “stealing?” O no; call it an *arrangement*. Call it “thieving?” O no; call it an *unfortunate affair*. Call it “robbery?” O no; it is an *unfortunate mistake*. We talk about

bandaging our eyes, but I think men bandage their eyes with their mouths oftener than in any other way.

### THE POWER OF HOME.

**T**HE power of a home shows. It never lets go its hold. A mother has often reeled in a boy by the line of love, and a father's memory has brought many back.

### OLD SAXON WORDS.

**O**LD Saxon words are Day of Judgment words; they are like double-edged swords, and cut where they hit. But when we come to speak of evil, we must have Latin, or some soft language. I think it will take two or three languages for us to get along with, soon.

### INTEMPERANCE.

**W**E drink, not to gratify the palate, but for a business purpose. That being the case, we may begin with the milder beverages, just as we begin our fires with pine shavings, not only because we can light them so easily, but also because we want them to set on fire something solider. And wine is stepstone to brandy. Beer is stepstone the other way. It does not lead up to brandy, but it leads down to drunk, and beastly drunk.

### LET IT BE A CHILD.

**M**AKE the bridge from the cradle to manhood just as long as you can. Leave your child a child as long as you can—especially if you live in a city. Be not in haste to force your child into premature development by intelligence or by anything else.

Let it be a child and not a little ape of a man running about the town.

### BORROWING TROUBLE.

**I** NEVER saw a man that could not get through a single day. If you can bear your burden to-day, if you can endure your pain to-day, you can get along well enough. You steal if you touch to-morrow. How many times have clouds rolled up in men's heaven which have apparently been full of trouble, but which have not had a trouble in them!

### CHILDHOOD, AN EGG.

**M**EN do not come into life, full-born. Childhood is but an egg laid, to be hatched by human life. Man comes into the world unfledged, and he has to work his way through the exterior shell of ignorance, before he can peep or fly.

### HONEST THIEVES.

**O**H, thou honest legal thief! God writes thee down a fitter tenant of the jail than yonder culprit! The unwhipped crimes of men undetected, are often worse than the crimes that officers make known and punish.

### PAUL AND MOSES.

**I** SUPPOSE there never was a man equal to Paul —not even Moses. When I discourse about Moses I am sure that he is the greatest man that ever lived; and when I discourse about Paul, I know that he is the greatest man that ever lived. Let these two men stand side by side. They are fit brothers, the one as a representative of the old dispensation, the other as a representative of the new dispensation;

the one a leader in the reign of muscle; the other a leader in the reign of the spirit. These two men stand head and shoulders above any other men that ever lived since the time of Christ. Indeed, they are more than all the other men that have lived since that time, throwing in even the prophets.

### MARRYING GODS.

**A**LL women marry gods, but sadly consent afterwards to live with men.

### TENDER AS A WOMAN.

**H**E was as tender as a woman—or rather, I should have said, he lacked the toughness of a woman; for, slender and shrinking as woman are, when troubles come they are almost the only persons who are tough of heart. They are tender of skin, but inside they are as strong as iron.

### VALUE OF LABOR.

**L**ET parents who hate their offspring rear them to hate labor, and before long they will be stung by every vice, racked by its poison, and damned by its penalty.

### A LIBRARY.

**A** LITTLE library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.

### OVERWORK.

**N**OW many do we now see among us who are dragging themselves along through life, reaping the inevitable consequences of an overtaxed body, be-

cause they esteem business and profits above health and comfort. They say, "I would fain stop, but I can see no place to stop." By-and-by, when disease takes you by the shoulders and pitches you on the bed, I think you will find a place to stop! When the undertaker comes along you will find a place to stop!

## THE WORLD A GRINDSTONE.

**T**HE world is a grindstone, and races are axes which are to get their cutting edges by being ground on it! The very object for which God thinks it worth while to turn and roll this round globe, is that by its very attrition and working, men may be made men in every sense of the term.

## INACTIVITY.

**A** MAN rusts out more by inactivity in a year than he wears out by wholesome activity in a lifetime. A man's sum of enjoyment depends upon what he has in himself.

## CROAKERS.

**A**ND that whole owl set of men, that raven, black-winged-prophet set, that sit on the dry branches of nature, and croak about this miserable world and this miserable life, belong outside of the line of Christianity. Not only are they not disciples of Christ, but they are not knowledgeable men even in the elements of Christianity.

## OBEDIENCE IN CHILDREN.

**I**T is a cruel kindness to leave a child's disposition unsubdued. One who has never learned how to obey, will be at fault all his life long. It is a vital attainment. Flax is no better than any weed, unless

it be broken, hatched; then it may be spun and woven; then it may be manufactured and worn.

### WRONG DOING FOR OTHERS.

**B**E careful of doing wrong to your employers, and be just as firm never to do any wrong for them as you are never to do any wrong against them. No matter if they wish a whiplash, and wish to strike it out, never let them tie you to the handle.

### DICKENS.

**D**ICKENS' books, though they are not theological or religious, are books which are in strange and admirable harmony with this message, "GOOD WILL TO MEN."

### THE NEW YEAR.

**E**VERY man should be born again on the first of January. Take up one hole more in the buckle or let down one, but on the first of the year let every man gird himself anew with his face to the front.

### THE DEVIL LONG-HEADED.

**I** THINK no man ever cheated the devil, and I think no man ever will. I have no doubt that the devil overreaches himself, and cheats himself; but in any transaction between you and him, he is longer-headed than you are.

### WHAT IS NOT PROMISED.

**G**OD does not promise that if a man shuts himself off from the world, and prays, and sings, and reads good books, and neglects his wordly business, that he will make up to him what he loses by such

neglect. When a man opens a store on Broadway, God does not say to him, "Now, you have rented your building, and purchased your goods, and hired your clerks; and if you will go back into your counting-room, and spend your time in reading, and singing, and praying, I will see to the fore part of the store."

### THE BIBLE A PLAIN BOOK.

**W**HAT a coarse book this Bible is. It has never been to school to get refined, so we have to take it just as we find it. These are plain words: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" Show me a man that is proud and over-reaching, who professes to be pious, and I will tell you that his piety is all flummery. There is not a bit of piety in such a man.

### DREAMING OF RICHES.

**T**HOUSANDS of boys are dreaming of growing suddenly rich—and I call a man a boy as long as he is foolish; so that the boyhood of a great many you see, goes with them clear through life! There are thousands of boys, of all ages, that are dreaming about going to bed poor, and waking up rich.

### NO NEED OF A DEVIL.

**T**HE strongest evidence I can think of against there being a devil, is that there is no need of one. Men do works of evil in such abundance that there would seem to be nothing left for a devil to do. These things have been permitted from the beginning of the world to our day, and by a Being who is said to be too good to let an evil spirit live! But when I look at the facts, this namby-pamby talk



about the impossibility of God's creating a principle of evil is simply contemptible to me. A man who has not nerve, and brawn and bone enough to look at things as they are, and admit them, I don't know what business such a man has to live!

### INFLUENCE.

**Y**OUR influence is working for light or for darkness, for purity or impurity, for good or for evil.

### CONTENTMENT.

**I**F a man has come to that point where he is content, he ought to be put in his coffin; for a contented live man is a sham!

### DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

**D**EEDS of kindness must not be occasional, and as enforced duties; they must be the spontaneous acts of an abiding disposition of Christian love. They must grow out of you as grass grows out of the summer-warmed ground. You don't have to coax grass to grow; you can't coax it not to grow.

### A DEVIL INSIDE.

**I**F Satan be clothed like an angel of light, and every feather in his wing be of silver or of gold, he is the devil inside, notwithstanding.

### OPPORTUNITY IN AMERICA.

**W**E grumble—we inherit that from our ancestors; we often mope and vex ourselves with melancholy prognostications concerning this or that danger. Some men are born to see the devil of melancholy; they would see him sitting in the very door of heaven,

methinks. Not I; for though there be mischiefs and troubles, yet when we look at the great conditions of human life in society, and they have been augmented favorably, they never were so favorable as they are to-day. More than that: if you will look at the diversity of the industries by which men ply their hands, if we look at the accumulating power of the average citizen, you will find that it is in the power of a man to earn more in a single ten years of his life to-day than for our ancestors in the whole of their life.

### ROBUST MORALITY.

**F**OR myself, I knew of but one refuge (though to the pure all things are pure), and that is the simple morality of the New Testament—that simple-hearted, robust morality, with an up-and-down love of right, and an up-and-down hatred of wrong.

### IDLENESS.

**W**HEN Satan would put men to a crop of mischief, he finds the idle man already prepared, and has scarcely the trouble of sowing.

### A WISE MAXIM.

**G**EN. GRANT'S words, "When is the time to show a man's self friendly except when his friends has made a mistake?" Form one of those moral principles that address themselves to the universal conscience.

### MAN NOT AN OYSTER.

**W**HEN God wanted sponges and oysters, he made them, and put one on a rock, and the other in the mud. When he made man, he did not make him to be a sponge or an oyster; he made him with

feet, and hands, and head, and heart, and vital blood, and a place to use them, and said to him, "Go! work!"

### THE PRESENT AGE.

**T**HERE was never a time, I think, in which it was so well worth a man's while to live. There was never a time when society touched a man on so many sides. At every faculty there is some hand knocking at the door and asking entrance. There never was a time when common people could know as much of history, as much of science, as much of art, as much of administration. In former days a man might say, "I know nothing of all these things; how can I be blamed?" but no man can say that to-day.

### HOW TO TREAT DIRT.

**I**N the collisions of men pushed on by pleasure, or ambition, or avarice, there is a constant play and counter-play of petty provocations, petty tales, mean deceptions, ungrateful supplantings, repaying fairness with foulness, honor with dishonesty. Now a noble mind rids himself of these wrongs as he does his garments of spattered mud. He lets them alone while fresh, since brushing would only spread them. He waits till they dry, and then cleanses himself of them all, and lets the dirt fall back to the dirt.

### THE WORLD'S ADVANCE.

**T**HERE was not a house in all Athens that you would put your dog into and call it a decent kennel. The Athenians lived in houses that protected them from sun and rain, and that was all. They had no carpets, no costly furniture, no pictures, no embellishments. Art was consecrated to the State and to religion. In Athens there were no newspapers, no magazines, no libraries. There was

no home circle. The wife was a drudge whose only duty was to take care of slaves. She could not unveil her face in the presence of men, nor could she even come to the door to greet her husband or her sons when they came back from battle. Though the lofty mount of the Acropolis gleamed with marble temples, the sun each day finding and leaving it the most resplendent point on the globe, yet at the bottom it was villainously stenchful; and the condition of its inhabitants was mean in comparison with that of the poorest laborer in our time.

### WHERE MEN DWELL.

**T**HE animal dwells where his feet are; the man where his thoughts are.

### BRINGING UP BY HEART.

**A** MOTHER and a dog are the only two things in the world that seem to have absolutely disinterested love.

A mother's heart does more in the bringing up of children, a million times, than a mother's hand, though the hand is sometimes quite busy.

### REMARKS ABOUT PUBLIC MEN.

**R**OBERT BURNS—A true poet, made not by the schools, brought up with no external culture or assistance. He came as a flower comes in spring. We say that he was a man of the people. No; he was far above the people. He was ordained to be an interpreter of God to his kind, then and forevermore.

Of all the American novelists who have passed away, the author of "The House of the Seven Gables" seem to be the greatest.

Grant had the patience of Fate and the force of Thor. He has left to memory only such weaknesses

as connect him with humanity and such virtues as will rank him among heroes.

John Brown's name will travel through the ages as an illustrious example of what a man may do who is willing to suffer for a great principle.

Emerson, the calm, the observational, not an enthusiast in religion, but with patriotism and humanity to make him a brave witness. It took seven generations of ministers to make one Ralph Waldo Emerson.

It is a noble thing to see a man so in sympathy with his time and work, as Tennyson is, that even with expiring strength he still tries to chant the truth of God to the age in which he lives.

Peter Cooper—a manly man, who lived for his fellow-men. May God increase the procession of such men! He will increase it. It is a tendency.

Though slow, Abraham Lincoln was sure. A thousand men could not make him plant his foot before he was ready; ten thousand could not move it after he had set it down.

## EXPRESSED AFFECTION.

**I** THINK love grows between husband and wife by expression of affection. I know there is a stately dignity in vogue. Husband and wife sit over against each other like those great statues of Memnon in Egypt; there they are, vast, stony and hard.

## A RELIGION OF VARNISH.

**T**HAT miserable varnish which men stick on the outside, and call it religion; that miserable estimate which they make of religion, that chattering of prayers, that face-religion, that Sunday keeping religion; all that so-called religion which is but an external covering of pride and selfishness, of worldliness and vanity—the curse and wrath of God abideth upon it. No-where else are there such terrific

anathemas against such religion as those which fell from the lips of Christ Jesus. It is enough to make a man tremble, to give a man the chills and fever, to walk through those chapters in the Bible where Christ preached to Tract Society men.

### HOW TO VOTE.

**N**O man has a right to go to the polls who does not go with the determination to have his own way if he can, and to let other people have theirs if he cannot, and to accept the situation when it has been fairly decided by the ballot.

### LESSONS FROM ROCKS.

**W**HENEVER you see a man laugh, laugh with him; whenever you see a man glad, you be glad, too. The rocks could tell you that. If one of a joyous company, in some valley, beneath an overhanging cliff, breaks out into a merry, ringing laugh, all the rocks laugh back again.

### RIGHT USE OF THE WORLD.

**A** GREAT many men are addicted to much lugubrious soliloquizing and complaining about this unsatisfying world; but whether it is satisfying or not depends upon what men try to satisfy themselves with. If a man were to take a watch and try to use it as a compass, to steer a ship by, he would say: "How unsatisfying this watch is."

### HOW CHILDREN UNFOLD.

**O**UR children unfold slowly and the lowest faculties develop first. After the animal nature has got a start then the portion in which the affections reside, grows next; that part which opens the understanding, grows next; and that part which

assimilates the child to spiritual beings, grows last. There is some comfort in this, when you see how like little witches your children act sometimes. You think they are certainly bound for the jail or the gallows, until there comes to be an equilibration between the moral feelings and the lower propensities.

## HYMNS.

**H**YMNS are like trumpet calls to a sleeping warrior, which wake him and instantly bring him to his feet, sword in hand.

## DON'T JUMP INTO A LIE.

**B**UT it is said that parents may deceive their children when their inquisitiveness leads them to ask about things which they should not know. If they ask about things which they should not know, then tell them that they should not know. "But," people say, "a child puts a parent in such a disagreeable position sometimes." Well, you hadn't better jump out of it into a lie.

## WOULD TO GOD IT MIGHT.

**T**HE fears of men are groundless in regard to the results of scientific investigation. They say: "If you develop this or that doctrine, original sin will go under." Would to God that it might.

## THE PURPOSE OF THE ARK.

**I**T was not God's plan that the ark should be the refuge of the human race longer than until the deluge had passed away; but if Noah and his descendants had afterward built arks upon the hills and rocks, and attempted to crowd all the people and animals on the earth into them, their folly would not have been greater than is that of those who are attempt-

ing to crowd back the gathering forces of the nations into institutions, which were only designed to give them a temporary ferriage while the deluge of an immoral common-sense should last.

### MANY DEAD WHO DO NOT KNOW IT.

**W**HEN a man feels that he has completed his growth in life, he has come to an end, and is dead. There are many men who are dead and do not know it.

### THE RACE WORKING UPWARD.

**S**OMETHING has steadily worked, so that the way of men has grown finer and finer. *Something* has had a power working the way of the human race upward. *I* call it God.

### NARROW MEN.

**N**O man can be very broad who will build with nothing but that which he quarries from himself. There are men enough who think when they hear themselves echoed that a god spoke.

### THE ANGELS' SONG.

**T**HE song of the angels above Bethlehem was caught up on earth, and has never ceased. Yearly its burden swells and mounts heavenward from a vaster host, and to-day millions of hearts are singing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

### AN EXQUISITE LIE.

**N**OW, suppose I should fall into a controversy with a man, and should adroitly deceive him; and suppose, after having done it, I should come



before you, and say: "I told an exquisite lie yesterday. I did not tell it selfishly, however; I told it for a wise purpose, and it inured to the benefit of the truth." How many of you would admire me for owning that I had told a permissible lie?

### SINGING FLOWERS.

**W**HAT a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle! O, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!

### IMAGINARY EVILS.

**W**HY imagine evils that never will happen, and reflect with self-reproach upon things that might have been better done?

### TRUTH LIKE A BAIT.

**A** TEACHING-TRUTH is like bait on a hook; it must be such a bait as fish will take, and it must be on such a hook as will hold the fish.

### DYING GRACE.

**G**OD won't give us dying grace till it's time to die. What's the use of trying to feel like dying when you're not dying, nor anywhere near it?

### WHO ARE BLESSED.

**H**E opened his mouth, and taught them, saying: "Blessed are"—oh, who?—"the poor in spirit: theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek"—what! those spiritless fellows, with

white faces, that go about afraid to say their soul is their own?

### CHILDREN.

**C**HILDREN are God's messengers to us. They are the blossoms of human life. They do not earn anything, and yet how rich we are! How rich are our homes!

### A LOWLY HOME.

**M**ANY men are born in a garret or cellar, who fly out of it, as soon as fledged, as fine as anybody. A lowly home has reared many high natures.

### WORK, GOD'S BOUNTY.

**D**O not let any man repine because he has to work from morning till night. Work is God's bounty.

### BURY YOUR SINS.

**D**O not make your sins like an Egyptian mummy, with its dried bones and muscles wrapped up in gummed hideousness. Let your past sins be buried, and if you want to go to the graveyard once in a while to see where you have laid them, go, but don't bring home anything with you.

### TALE BEARING.

**A** DOCTOR might as well stand with his saddlebags and scatter their contents through the community as a man tell all he knows about people indiscriminately.

### THE SECRET OF LIFE.

**T**HIS, then, is the secret of life—to seek all you can lay your hand on, but to seek it only as a round of a ladder which is good for nothing for a

man to sit and roost on, but is good to enable him to take another step being only preliminary to the next.

### RELIGION TRUE.

“**OH**, religion is true! It is of God.” It leads to God. All the outside performances of religion may be invalid, empty, and useless; but wherever the heart is taken possession of by this divinest spirit of gentleness, sympathy, compassion, pity and love, it reigns on the dark earth as stars on the dark sky of the night.

### WISHING.

**A** GREAT many people think that a wish is a resolution, but it's gone into proverb that “if wishes were horses, then beggars might ride.” A man wishes he was rich; but he's too lazy, he never will be. A man wishes he knew more; probably never will. He's lazy. A man wishes he could have influence in the circles in which society moves, but he stops. He will never have wisdom and patience to do it. And so men stand over against the great objects in life. Men should be respected, but they are not respected. They wish for that which will endure. That would be a purpose. They wish the thing without taking the intermediate step. So men are fools all over the world. Wishing, wishing, wishing. They must be fools when they believe that wishing is some sort of resolution toward competency.

### VALUE OF SUFFERING.

**THE** greatest achievements of life have been made by those that were sufferers. When the Huguenots, the Vaudois, and the various European nations that suffered under persecutions in the wilderness, in the mountains, and in the caves, were driven out, they were unknown, they were of little influence,

they were the poor of the earth, they were looked down upon by princes, by priests, and by arch-priests, they were regarded as rubbish; for their faith's sake they suffered loss of property, loss of home, loss of their own kindred, and were subjected to every strait and stress of affliction, and they became heroes; and to-day our children read their history; they are living still; and with an invisible influence they are lifting up men's thoughts to higher spheres and to nobler patience and endeavor. If you go back to the names that are still above the horizon, there is scarcely one of them that has not had this elevation by reason of his conduct as a sufferer.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE DEVIL.

**T**HERE are thousands of men that seem to rejoice in nothing else half so much as iniquity. The moment they hear the servant of the devil asking, "Have you heard the news about A and B?" they say, "What is it? Sit down and tell it to me;" and it is so relishable to reveal, and so exquisite to hear, that A and B have been doing wrong, and have been found out in that wrong, that they fairly gloat over it! This is the very spirit of the devil himself.

### ADVICE LIKE HAIL-STONES.

**A**DVICE to unwilling men is like hail-stones on slate roofs; it strikes and rattles and rolls down and does them no good.

### ADAM.

**W**HAT word did Adam ever speak, or what manly thing did he ever perform, before or after his fall, that was thought worthy of a record? He has a name in the Bible and that is all. His name is coupled with one event, and that is all. Besides that his life seems to have been barren, and worth

not one word of recognition. Such was the man who is supposed to have been perfect, and from whom the whole race have descended. The race has come up hill every single step from the day of Adam to this!

## THE DRY-GOODS STORE AN ENCYCLO- PÆDIA.

**T**HE clerk in the dry-goods store has an encyclopædia on his shelves; if he will trace back the fabrics to the country from whence they came; if he will learn of the soil, the people, and of their history; the processes of machinery by which the fabric was constructed, and a thousand things that suggest themselves to the mind, there is more than he could learn in a lifetime in a store of dry-goods even. If all the knowledge that could be obtained from the dry-goods in Stewart's store were seached out, Appleton's book-store would not hold the books that would have to be written. But if the clerk stands behind the counter all day, and sees in them only so many dry-goods, they are not half so dry as he is.

## SINCERITY.

**S**INCERITY is a very good thing, but it cannot make grain out of chaff. And that man who thinks that it makes no difference what he believes so long as he is sincere, is a *chaff* farmer.

## EXAMPLE.

**I** REMEMBER a poor colored man who, when I was a boy twelve years old, made a deeper impression on my mind of the goodness of God, than all the sermons to which I had ever listened; and if there was ever a sermon-fed child, I was one. Nothing took so firm a hold upon my higher nature as

did the influence of that consistent, praying, psalm-singing, rejoicing colored man, who taught me to work on the farm, and to know that there was something in religion.

### RELIGIOUS HYENAS.

**A**ND who does not know that around every church there are just such hyenas whose heads are like to become a fountain of tears at the transgressions of reputable Christians?

### TRUE AND FALSE OPINIONS.

**O**PINIONS are not true simply because they are held to be true in your day.

### WINTER.

**C**OME, bountiful winter, with snows that last till April serves its warmth, and bluebirds warble softly in the cherry trees, and bouncing robins make the morning and evening melodious.

### DISHONESTY.

**D**ISHONESTY is an atmosphere. If it comes into one apartment it penetrates all the rest.

### PERSONAL BITTERNESS.

**I**F at any time I have seemed to you or to others to run with undue severity upon men, or churches, or orders of men, or institutions, it has never been from any personal bitterness. I do not think I feel personal bitterness toward any man. Nor do I ever feel angry, except when I see one man injuring another. I confess that sometimes, when I see a

strong man taking advantage of a weaker one, I do feel an indignation which has a little rancor in it; but I try to pray that down.

### NATURE SPEAKS OF GOD.

**I** SAY that we are bringing our children up vulgarly, and infidelly, when we teach them to associate God with the Bible, with churches, and with other things that are counted sacred in the world, and do not teach them to associate Him with the works of nature. I think it is much easier to think of the rugged mountain, the brilliant stars, and the effulgent sun, as speaking of God, than to think of dumb churches as speaking of Him.

### THE IRISH RACE.

**T**HE Irish people stand alone. They are the most mercurial, the most generous, the most distinguished for men of genius, the most admirable creatures that ever troubled the earth.

### GOD'S PITY.

**I** WAS a child of teaching and prayer; I was reared in the household of faith; I knew the Catechism as it was taught; I was instructed in the Scriptures as they were expounded from the pulpit, and read by men; and yet, till after I was twenty-one years old, I groped without the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. I know not what the tablets of eternity have written down, but I think that when I stand in Zion and before God, the brightest thing which I shall look back upon will be that blessed morning of May, when it pleased God to reveal to my wandering soul the idea that it was His nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them; that he did not do it out of compliment to Christ, or to a

law, or a plan of salvation, but from the fullness of his great heart; that he was a Being not made by sin, but sorry; that He was not furious with wrath toward the sinner, but pitied him—in short, that He felt toward me as my mother felt toward me, to whose eyes my wrong doing brought tears, who never pressed me so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would fain, with her yearning love, lift me out of trouble.

### SELF-EXAMINATION.

**N**OW many men have been ruined by self-examination! And yet, tracts and books are published, and sermons are preached, and exhortations are made, without number, urging men to self-examination, as if fantasy must run into folly. Men are set to write journals. I know who invented that trick. The devil invented it! It is a device of his to tempt men.

### JUICY IN THEIR INTELLECT.

**W**HEN a man has certain traits which constitute the leading features of his character, we call those traits his disposition. Thus, there are some men that live in their thoughts. They are dry everywhere except in their intellect; but there they are juicy.

### ENTHUSIASM.

**E**NTHUSIASM is good to raise men upon, but discipline is the only thing to fight on.

### THE ANIMAL NATURE.

**T**HE trouble with men does not generally spring from their reason. It is the animal side of man that fills life with all its trials, and business with all its hindrances.











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